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# Wilmington Journal.

DAVID FULTON, EDITOR. | GOD, OUR COUNTRY, AND LIBERTY. | TERMS: $2 50 in advance.

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## THE JOURNAL.

From the Georgia Scenes.

### THE HORSE-SWAP.

During the session of the Supreme Court, in the village of ——, about three weeks ago, when a number of people were collected in the principal street of the village, I observed a young man riding up and down the street, as I supposed, in a violent passion. He galloped this way, then that, and then the other; spurred his horse to one group of citizens, then to another; then dashed off at half speed, as if fleeing from danger; and, suddenly checking his horse, returned first in a pace, then in a trot, and then in a canter. While he was performing these various evolutions, he cursed, swore, whooped, screamed, and tossed himself in every attitude which man could assume on horseback. In short, he *cavorted* most magnanimously (a term which, in our tongue, expresses all that I have described, and a little more,) and seemed to be setting all creation at defiance. As I like to see all that is passing, I determined to take a position a little nearer to him, and to ascertain, if possible, what it was that affected him so sensibly.—Accordingly, I appproached a crowd before which he had stopped for a moment, and examined it with the strictest scrutiny. But I could see nothing in it that seemed to have anything to do with the cavorter. Every man appeared to be in a good humor, and all minding their own business. Not one so much as noticed the principal figure. Still he went on. After a semicolon pause, which my appearance seemed to produce (for he eyed me closely as I approached), he fetched a whoop, and swore that "he could out-swap any live man, woman, or child that ever walked these hills, or that ever straddled horseflesh since the days of old daddy Adam. Stranger," said he to me, "did you ever see the *Yallow* Blossom from Jasper?"

"No," said I, "but I have often heard of him."

"I'm the boy," continued he; "perhaps a *leetle*, jist a *leetle*, of the best man at a horse-swap that ever trod shoe-leather."

I began to feel my situation a little awkward, when I was relieved by a man somewhat advanced in years, who stepped up and began to survey the "*Yallow Blossom's*" horse with much apparent interest. This drew the rider's attention, and he turned the conversation from me to the stranger.

"Well, my old coon," said he, "do you want to swap *hosses?*"

"Why, I don't know;" replied the stranger; "I believe I've got a beast I'd trade with you for that one, if you like him."

"Well, fetch up your nag, my old cock; you're jist the lark I wanted to get hold of. I am perhaps a *leetle*, jist a *leetle*, of the best man at a horse-swap that ever stole *cracklins* out of his mammy's fat gourd. Where's your *hoss?*"

"I'll bring him presently; but I want to examine your horse a little."

"Oh! look at him," said the Blossom, alighting and hitting him a cut; "look at him. He's the best piece of *hossflesh* in the thirteen united universal worlds. There's no sort o' mistake in little Bullet. He can pick up miles on his feet, and fling 'em behind him as fast as the next man's *hoss*, I don't care where he comes from. And he can keep at it as long as the sun can shine without resting."

During this harangue, little Bullet looked as if he understood it all, believed it, and was ready at any moment to verify it. He was a horse of goodly countenance, rather expressive of vigilance than fire; though an unnatural appearance of fierceness was thrown into it by the loss of his ears, which had been cropped pretty close to his head. Nature had done but little for Bullet's head and neck; but he managed, in a great measure, to hide their defects by bowing perpetually. He had obviously suffered severely for corn; but if his ribs and hip bones had not disclosed the fact, *he* never would have done it; for he was in all respects as cheerful and happy as if he commanded all the corn-cribs and fodder-stacks in Georgia. His height was about twelve hands; but as his shape partook somewhat of that of the giraffe, his haunches stood much lower.—They were short, strait, peaked, and concave. Bullet's tail, however, made amends for all his defects. All that the artist could do to beautify it had been done; and all that horse could do to compliment the artist, Bullet did. His tail was nicked in superior style, and exhibited the line of beauty in so many directions, that it could not fail to hit the most fastidious taste in some of them. From the root it dropped into a graceful feston; then rose in a handsome curve; then resumed its first direction; and then mounted suddenly upward like a cypress knee to a perpendicular of about two and a half inches. The whole had a careless and bewitching inclination to the right.—Bullet obviously knew where his beauty lay, and took all occasions to display it to the best advantage. If a stick cracked, or if any one moved suddenly about him, or coughed, or hawked, or spoke a little louder than common, up went Bullet's tail like lightning; and if the *going up* did not please, the *coming down* must of necessity, for it was as different from the other movement as was its direction. The first was a bold and rapid flight upward, usually to an angle of forty-five degrees. In this position he kept his interesting appendage until he satisfied himself that nothing in particular was to be done; when he commenced dropping it by half inches, in second beats, then in tripple time, then faster and shorter, and faster and shorter still, until it finally died away imperceptibly into its natural position. If I might compare sights to sounds, I should say its *settling* was more like the note of a locust than anything else in nature.

Either from native sprightliness of disposition, from uncontrollable activity, or from an unconquerable habit of removing flies by the stamping of the feet, Bullet never stood still; but always kept up a gentle fly-scaring movement of his limbs, which was peculiarly interesting.

"I tell you, man," proceeded the Yellow Blossom, "he's the best live hoss that ever trod the grit of Georgia. Bob Smart knows the hoss. Come here, Bob, and mount this hoss, and show Bullet's motions." Here Bullet bristled up, and looked as if he had been hunting for Bob all day long, and had just found him. Bob sprang on his back. "Boo-oo-oo!" said Bob, with a fluttering noise of the lips; and away went Bullet, as if in a querter race, with all his beauties spread in handsome style.

"Now fetch him back," said Blossom.—Bullet turned and came in pretty much as he went out.

"Now trot him by." Bullet reduced his tail to "*customary;*" sidled to the right and left airily, and exhibited at least three varieties of trot in the short space of fifty yards.

"Make him pace!" Bob commenced twitching the bridle and kicking at the same time. These inconsistent movements obviously (and most naturally) disconcerted Bullet; for it was impossible for him to learn, from them, whether he was to proceed or stand still. He started to trot, and was told that wouldn't do. He attempted a canter, and was checked again. He stopped, and was urged to go on. Bullet now rushed into the wide field of experiment, and struck out a gait of his own, that completely turned the tables upon his rider, and certainly deserved a patent. It seemed to have derived its elements from the jig, the minuet, and the cotillon. If it was not a pace, it certainly had *pace* in it, and no man would venture to call it anything else; so it passed off to the satisfaction of the owner.

"Walk him!" Bullet was now at home again; and he walked as if money was staked on him.

The stranger, whose name, I afterward learned, was Peter Ketch, having examined Bullet to his heart's content, ordered his son Neddy to go and bring up Kit. Neddy soon appeared upon Kit; a well-formed sorrel of the middle size, and in good order. His *tout ensemble* threw Bullet entirely in the shade, though a glance was sufficient to satisfy any one that Bullet had the decided advantage of him in point of intellect.

"Why, man," said Blossom, "do you bring such a hoss as that to trade for Bullet? Oh, I see you're no notion of trading."

"Ride him off, Neddy!" said Peter. Kit put off at a handsome lope.

"Trot him back!" Kit came in at a long, sweeping trot, and stopped suddenly at the crowd.

"Well," said Blossom, "let me look at him; maybe he'll do to plough."

"Examine him!" said Peter, taking hold of the bridle close to the mouth; "he's nothing but a tacky. He an't as *pretty* a horse as Bullet, I know; but he'll do. Start 'em together for a hundred and fifty *mile;* and if Kit an't twenty mile ahead of him at the coming out, any man may take Kit for nothing. But he's a monstrous mean horse, gentlemen; any man may see that. He's the scariest horse, too, you ever saw. He won't do to hunt on, no how. Stranger, will you let Neddy have your rifle to shoot off him? Lay the rifle between his ears, Neddy, and shoot at the blaze in that stump. Tell me when his head is high enough."

Ned fired, and hit the blaze; and Kit did not move a hair's breadth.

"Neddy, take a couple of sticks, and beat on that hogshead at Kit's tail."

Ned made a tremendous rattling, at which Bullet took fright, broke his bridle, and dashed off in grand style; and would have stopped all farther negotiations by going home in disgust, had not a traveller arrested him and bro't him back; but Kit did not move.

"I tell you, gentlemen," continued Peter, "he's the scariest horse you ever saw. He an't as gentle as Bullet, but he won't do any harm if you watch him. Shall I put him in a cart, gig, or wagon for you, stranger? He'll cut the same capers there he does here. He's a monstrous mean horse."

During all this time Blossom was examining him with the nicest scrutiny. Having examined his frame and limbs, he now looked at his eyes.

"He's got a curious look out of his eyes," said Blossom.

"Oh yes, sir," said Peter, "just as blind as a bat. Blind horses always have clear eyes. Make a motion at his eyes, if you please, sir."

Blossom did so, and Kit threw up his head rather as if something picked him under the chin than as if fearing a blow. Blossom repeated the experiment, and Kit jerked back in considerable astonishment.

"Stone blind, you see, gentlemen," proceeded Peter; "but he's just as good to travel of a dark night as if he had eyes."

"Blame my buttons," said Blossom, "if I like them eyes."

"No," said Peter, "nor I neither. I'd rather have 'em made of diamonds; but they'll do, if they don't show as much white as Bullet's."

"Well," said Blossom, "make a pass at me."

"No," said Peter; "you made the banter, now make your pass."

"Well, I'm never afraid to price my hosses. You must give me twenty-five dollars boot."

"Oh, certainly; say fifty, and my saddle and bridle in. Here, Neddy, my son, take away daddy's horse."

"Well," said Blossom, "I've made my pass, now make yours."

"I'm for short talk in a horse-swap, and therefore always tell a gentleman at once what I mean to to do. You must give me ten dollars."

Blossom swore absolutely, roundly, and profanely, that he never would give boot.

"Well," said Peter, "I didn't care about trading; but you cut such high shines, that I thought I'd like to back you out, and I've done it. Gentlemen, you see I've brought him to a hack."

"Come, old man," said Blossom, "I've been joking with you. I begin to think you do want to trade; therefore, give me five dollars and take Bullet. I'd rather lose ten dollars any time than not make a trade, though I hate to fling away a good hoss."

"Well," said Peter, "I'll be as clever as you are. Just put the five dollars on Bullet's back, and hand him over; it's a trade."

Blossom swore again, as roundly as before, that he would not give boot; and, said he, "Bullet wouldn't hold five dollars on his back, no how. But, as I bantered you, if you say an even swap, here's at you."

"I told you," said Peter, "I'd be as clever as you, therefore, here goes two dollars more, just for trade sake. Give me three dollars, and it's a bargain."

Blossom repeated his former assertion; and here the parties stood for a long time, and the by-standers (for many were now collected) began to taunt both parties. After some time, however, it was pretty unanimously decided that the old man had backed Blossom out.

At length Blossom swore he "never would be backed out for three dollars after bantering a man;" and, accordingly, they closed the trade.

"Now," said Blossom, as he handed Peter the three dollars, "I'm a man that, when he makes a bad trade, makes the most of it until he can make a better. I'm for no rues and after-claps."

"That's just my way," said Peter; "I never goes to law to mend my bargains."

"Ah, you're the kind of boy I love to trade with. Here's your hoss, old man. Take the saddle and bridle off him, and I'll strip yours; but lift up the blanket easy from Bullet's back, for he's a mighty tender backed hoss."

The old man removed the saddle, but the blanket stuck fast. He attempted to raise it, and Bullet bowed himself, switched his tail, danced a little, and gave signs of biting.

"Don't hurt him, old man," said Blossom, archly; "take it off easy. I am, perhaps, a leetle of the best man at a horse-swap that ever catched a coon."

Peter continued to pull at the blanket more and more roughly, and Bullet became more and more *cavortish:* insomuch that, when the blanket came off, he had reached the *kicking* point in good earnest.

The removal of the blanket disclosed a sore on Bullet's back-bone that seemed to have defied all medical skill. It measured six full inches in length and four in breadth, and had as many features as Bullet had motions. My heart sickened at the sight; and I felt that the brute who had been riding him in that situation deserved the halter.

The prevailing feeling, however, was that of mirth. The laugh became loud and general at the old man's expense, and rustic witticisms were liberally bestowed upon him and his late purchase. These Blossom continued to provoke by various remarks He asked the old man "if he thought Bullet would let five dollars lie on his back." He declared most seriously that he had owned that horse three months, and had never discovered before that he had a sore back, "or he never should have thought of trading him," &c., &c.

The old man bore it with the most philosophic composure. He evinced no astonishment at his late discovery, and made no replies.—But his son Neddy had not disciplined his feelings quite so well. His eyes opened wider and wider from the first to the last pull of the blanket; and when the whole sore burst upon his view, astonishment and fright seemed to contend for the mastery of his countenance. As the blanket disappeared, he stuck his hands in his breeches pockets, heaved a deep sigh, and lapsed into a profound revery, from which he was only roused by the cuts of his father. He bore them as long as he could; and, when he could contain himself no longer, he began, with a certain wildness of expression which gave a peculiar interest to what he uttered: "His back's mighty bad off; but dod drot my soul if he's put it to daddy as bad as he thinks he has, for old Kit's both blind and *deef*, I'll be dod drot if he eint."

"The devil he is," said Blossom.

"Yes, dod drot my soul if he *eint*. You walk him, and see if he *eint*. His eyes don't look like it; but he'd *jist as leve go agin* the house with you, or in a ditch, as any how.—Now you go try him." The laugh was now turned on Blossom; and many rushed to test the fidellity of the little boy's report. A few experiments established its truth beyond controversy.

"Neddy," said the old man, "you oughtn't to try and make people discontented with their things. Stranger, don't mind what the little boy says. If you can only get Kit rid of them little failings, you'll find him all sorts of a horse. You are a *leetle* the best man at horse-swap that ever I got hold of; but don't fool away Kit. Come, Neddy, my son, let's be moving; the stranger seems to be getting snappish."

HALL.

*A Lesson for Scolding Wives.*—"And I dare say you have scolded your wife very often, Newman," said I, once.

Old Newman looked down, and his wife took up the reply—

"Never to signify—and if he has, I deserved it!"

"And I dare say, if the truth were told, you have scolded him quite as often."

"Nay," said the old woman, with a beauty of kindness which all the poetry in the world cannot excel, "How can a wife scold her good man, who has been working for her and her little ones all the day? It may do for a man to be peevish, for it is he who bears the crosses of the world; but who should make him forget them but his own wife? And she had best, for her own sake—for nobody can scold much when the scolding is all on one side."

*Geography: First Class.—Teacher.* "What is Texas bounded by?" *Scholar.*—"By annexation on the East, by Indian treaties on the West, by nothing particular on the North, and by the Halls of the Montezumas on the South." *Teacher.*—"What are its products?" *Scholar.* "Bowie-knives, rifles, revolving pistols; and in summer, pecans and horned frogs." *Teacher.*—"Good! The school's dismissed."

*N. O. Deltu.*

Existence is only felt to be valuable while it is necessary to some one dear to us. The moment we become aware that our death would leave no aching void in a human heart, the charm is gone.

## A NIGHT OF YEARS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

My Reader—I have sat some minutes, with my pen suspended in air above my paper. I have been debating a delicate point—I am in a position. You will perhaps recollect that one of Fanny Forest's exquisite sketches was entitled "Lucy Dutton."

Now, it happens the *real name* of the heroine of the "ower true tale," which I am about to do myself the honor of relating to you, was no other than Lucy Dutton. Shall I rob her of her birthright—compel her to wear a *nom de guerre*, because my sister-authoress accidentally gave the true name to one of her ideal creations? Shall I sacrifice truth to delicacy? that's the question. "No?" You said no, did you not? Then Lucy, Lucy Dutton, let it be.

Some forty years since, in the interior of my beautiful native State, New York, lived the father of our heroine, an honest and respectable farmer. He had but two children—Lucy, a noble girl of nineteen, and Ellen, a year or two younger. The first named was winning, rather than strikingly beautiful. Under a manner observable for its seriousness, and non-like serenity, were concealed an impassionate nature, and a heart of the deepest capacity for loving. She was remarkable from her earliest childhood for a voice of thrilling and haunting sweetness.

Ellen Dutton was the brilliant antipode of her sister; a "born beauty," whose prerogative of prettiness was to have her irresponsible own way, in all things, and at all times. An indulgent father, a weak mother, and an idolizing sister, had all unconsciously contributed to the ruin of a nature not at the first remarkable for strength or generosity.

Where, in all God's creatures, is heartlessness so seemingly unnatural—is selfishness so detestable, as in a beautiful woman!

Lucy possessed a fine intellect, and as her parents were well reared New Englanders, she and her sister were far better educated than other girls of their station, in that then half settled portion of the country. In those days, many engaged in school teaching, from the honor and pleasure which it afforded, rather than from necessity. Thus, a few months previous to the commencement of our sketch, Lucy Dutton left for the first time her fireside circle, to take charge of a school, some twenty miles from her native town.

For some while, her letters home were expressive only of the happy contentment which sprang from the consciousness of active usefulness, of receiving, while imparting good. But anon there came a change; then were those records for home characterized by fitful gayety, or dreary sadness; indefinable hopes and fears seemed striving for supremacy in the writer's troubled little heart. Lucy *loved*, but scarcely acknowledged it to herself, while she knew not that she was loved; so for a time that beautiful second birth of woman's nature was like a warm sunrise struggling with the cold mists of morning.

But one day brought a letter which could not soon be forgotten in the home of the absent one—a letter traced by a hand that trembled in sympathy with a heart tumultuous with happiness. Lucy had been wooed and won, and she but waited her parent's approval of her choice, the betrothed of young Edwin W——, a man of excellent family and standing in the town where she had been teaching. The father and mother accorded their sanction with many blessings; and Lucy's next letter promised a speedy visit from the lovers.

To such natures as Lucy's, what an absorbing, and yet what a revealing of self is a first passion—what a prodigality of giving—what an incalculable wealth of receiving—what a breaking up is there of the deep waters of the soul, and how Heaven descends in a sudden star shower upon life. If there is a season when an angel may look with intense and fearful interest upon her moral sister, 'tis when she beholds her heart pass from the bud-like innocence and freshness of girlhood, and taking to its very core the fervid light of love, glow and crimson into perfect womanhood.

At last the plighted lovers came, and welcomes and festivals awaited them. Mr. W—— gave entire satisfaction to father, mother, and even to the enacting "beauty." He was a handsome man, with some pretensions to fashion, but in manner, and apparently in character, the opposite of his betrothed.

It was decided that Lucy should not again leave home, until after her marriage, which at the request of the ardent lover, was to be celebrated with two months, and on the coming birth-day of the bride. It was therefore arranged that Ellen should return with Mr. W——, to M——, to take charge of her sister's school for the remainder of the term.

The birth-day had come. It had been ushered in by a May morning of surpassing loveliness—the busy hours had borne away, and now it was nigh sunset, and neither the bridegroom nor Ellen, the first bridesmaid, had appeared. Yet in her neat little chamber sat Lucy, nothing doubting, nothing fearing. She was already clad in a simple white muslin, and her few bridal adornments lay on the table by her side. Maria Allen, her second bridesmaid, a bright eyed affectionate hearted girl, her chosen friend from childhood, was arranging to a more graceful fall, the wealth of light ringlets which swept her snowy neck. To the anxious inquiries of her companion, respecting the absent ones, Lucy ever smiled quietly and replied:

"Oh, something has happened to detain them a while—we heard from them the other day and all was well. They will be here by-and-by—never fear."

Evening came, the guests were all assembled, and yet the "bridegroom tarried." There were whisperings, surmises and wonderings, and a shadow of anxiety occasionally passed over the fair face of the bride-elect. At last, a carriage drove rather slowly to the door.—"They are come!" cried many voices, and the next moment the belated bridegroom and Ellen entered. In reply to the hurried and confused inquiries of all around him, Mr. W—— muttered something about "unavoidable delay," and stepping to the side-board, tossed off a glass of wine, another, and another. The company stood silent with amazement. Finally a rough old farmer exclaimed, "Better late than never, young man—so lead out the bride."

W—— strode hastily across the room, placed himself by *Ellen*, and took her hand in his! Then, without daring to meet the eye of any about him, he said:

"I wish to make an explanation—I am under the painful necessity—that is, I have the pleasure to announce that *I am already married.* The lady whom I hold by the hand is my wife.

Then, turning in an apologetical manner to Mr. and Mrs. Dutton, he added, "I found that I had never loved, until I knew your second daughter."

And Lucy? She heard all with strange calmness, then walked steadily forward and confronted her betrayer! Terrible as pale Nemesis herself, she stood before them, and her look pierced like a keen cold blade into their false hearts. As though to assure herself of the dread reality of the vision, she laid her hand on Ellen's shoulder, and let it glide down her arm—but she touched not Edwin. As those cold fingers met hers, the unhappy wife first gazed full into her sister's face; and as she marked the ghastly pallor of the cheek, the dilated nostrils—the quivering lip and the intensely mournful eyes, she covered her own face with her hands, and burst into tears, while her young husband, awed by the terrible silence of her he had wronged, gasped for breath, and staggered back against the wall. Then Lucy clasped her hands on her forehead, first gave voice to her anguish and despair in one fearful cry, which could but ring forever through the souls of that guilty pair, and fell in a deathlike swoon at their feet.

After the insensible girl had been removed to her chamber, a stormy scene ensued in the room beneath. The parents and guests were alike enraged against W——; but the tears and prayers of his young wife, the petted beauty and spoiled child, at last softened somewhat the anger of the parents, and an opportunity for an explanation was accorded to the offenders.

A sorry explanation it proved. The gentleman affirmed that the first sight of Ellen's lovely face had weakened the empire of her plainer sister over his affections. Frequent interviews had completed the conquest of his loyalty; but he had been held in check by *honor*, and never told his love, until when on his way to espouse another, in an unguarded moment, he had revealed it, and the avowal had called forth an answering acknowledgment from Ellen.

They had thought it best, in order "to save pain to Lucy," and prevent opposition from her—and to secure their own happiness, to be married before their arrival at C——.

Lucy remained insensible for some hours When she revived and had apparently regained her consciousness, she still maintained her strange silence. This continued for many weeks, and when it partially passed away, her friends saw, with inexpressible grief, that her reason had fled—*she was hopelessly insane!* But her madness was of a mild and harmless nature. She was gentle and peaceable as ever, but sighed frequently, and seemed burdened with some great sorrow which she could not herself comprehend. She had one peculiarity, which all who knew her in after years must recollect;—this was a wild fear and careful avoidance of *men*. She also seemed possessed by the spirit of *unrest*. She could not, she would not be confined, but was constantly escaping from her friends, and going they knew not whither.

While her parents lived, they, by their watchful care, and unwearying efforts, in some measure controlled this sad propensity; but when they died, their stricken child became a wanderer, homeless, friendless and forlorn.

Through laughing springs, and rosy summers, and golden autumns, and tempestuous winters, it was tramp, tramp,—no rest for her of the crushed heart and the crazed brain.

I remember her as she was in my early childhood, toward the last of her weary pilgrimage. As my father and my elder brothers were frequently absent, and as my mother never closed her heart or her door on the unfortunate, "Crazy Lucy," often spent an hour or two by our fire-side. Her appearance was very singular. Her gown was always patched with many colors, and her shawl, or mantle, worn and torn, until it was *all* open work and fringe. The remainder of her miserable wardrobe she carried in a bundle, on her arm, and sometimes she had a number of parcels of old rags, dried herbs, &c.

In the season of flowers, her tattered bonnet was profusely decorated with those which she gathered in the wood, or by the way side. Her love for these and her sweet voice were all that were left her of the bloom and music of existence. Yet no,—her meek and child-like *piety* still lingered. Her God had not forsaken her; down into the chaos of her spirit, the smile of His love yet gleamed faintly—in the waste garden of her heart she still heard His voice at eventide, and she was not "afraid." Her Bible went with her every where,—a torn and soiled volume, but as holy still, and it may be as dearly cherished, my reader, as the gorgeous copy now lying on your table, bound in "purple and gold," and with the gilding untarnished upon its delicate leaves.

I remember to have heard my mother relate a touching little incident connected with one of Lucy's brief visits to us.

The poor creature once laid her hand on the curly head of one of my brothers, and asked of him, his name. "William Edwin,' he replied, with a timid, upward glance. She caught away her hand, and sighing heavily, said, as though thinking aloud, 'I knew an Edwin once, and he made me broken-hearted.'

This was the only instance in which she was ever known to revert to the sad event which had desolated her life.

* * * * *

Thirty years from the time of the commencement of this mournful history, on a bleak autumnal evening, a rough country wagon drove into the village of C——. It stopped at the alms house, an attenuated form was lifted out, and carried in; and the wagon rumbled away. *Thus was Lucy Dutton brought to her native home to die.*

She had been in a decline for some months, and the miraculous strength which had so long sustained her in her weary wandering, at last forsook her utterly. Her sister had died some time before, and the widowed husband had soon after removed with his family to the far West;—so Lucy had no friend no home but the alms-house.

But they were very kind to her there. The matron, a true woman, whose soft heart even the hourly contemplation of human misery could not harden, gave herself with unwearying devotion to the care of the quiet sufferer. With the eye of Christian faith, she watched the shattered bark of that life, as borne down the tide of time it neared the great deep of eternity, with an interest of intense as though it were a royal galley.

One day, about a week from the time of her arrival, Lucy appared to suffer greatly, and those about her release almost impatiently; but at night she was evidently better, and, for the first time, slept tranquilly until morning. The matron who was by her bedside when she awoke was startled by the clear and earnest gaze which met her own,—but she smiled, and bade the invalid good morning!" Lucy looked bewildered, but the voice seemed to reassure her and exclaimed;

"Oh, what a long, long night this has been!" Then glancing around inquiringly, she added.

"Where am I?—and who are you? I do not know you."

A wild surmise flashed across the mind of the matron—*the long lost reason of the wanderer had returned!* But the good woman replied calmly and soothingly:

"Why, you are among your friends and you will know me presently."

"Then may be you know Edwin and Ellen." rejoined the invalid; "have they come? Oh I had such a terrible dream! I dreamed that they were married! Only think, *Ellen* married to Edwin!—its strange I should dream *that.*"

"My poor Lucy." said the matron, with a gush of tears "that was not a dream—'twas all true."

"All true cried the invalid, "then Edwin must be *untrue*—and that cannot be, for he loved me—we loved each other well, and Ellen is my *sister*. Let me see them, I will go to them!"

She endeavored to raise herself, but fell back on the pillow.

"Why what does this mean?" said she "What makes me so week?"

Just then, her eye fell on her hand! She gazed on it in blank amazement.

"Something is the matter with my sight," she said smiling faintingly, "for my hand looks to me like an old woman's."

"And so it is," said the matron, gently, and so is mine; and yet we had fair, plump hands when young. Dear Lucy do you not know me? I am Maria Allen, I was to have been your bridesmaid?"

I can no more—I will not make the vain attempt to give in detail all that revealing—to reduce to inexpressive words the dread sublimity of that hopeless sorrow.

To the wretched Lucy the last thirty years were all as though they had never been. Of not a scene, not an incident, had she the slightest remembrance since the night when the recreant lover and the traitoress sister stood before her and made their terrible announcement.

The kind matron paused frequently in the sad narration of her poor friend's madness and wanderings but the invalid would say with fearful calmness, "go on, go on," though the beaded drops of agony stood thick upon her forehead.

When she asked for her sister, the matron replied—

"She has gone before you and your father also."

"And my mother?" said Lucy, her face lit with sickly ray of hope.

"Your mother has been dead for *twenty years.*"

"*Dead!* All gone! Alone, old, dying! Oh, God, my cup of bitterness is full!" And she wept aloud.

Her friend, bending over her, and mingling tears with hers, said affectionately:

"But you know who drank that cup before you."

Lucy looked up with bewildered expression, and the matron added:

"The Lord Jesus, you remember him."

A look like sunlight breaking through a cloud—a look which only saints may wear—irradiated the tearful face of a dying woman, as she replied:

"Oh, yes, I knew and loved Him *before I fell asleep.*"

The man of God was called. A few who had known Lucy in her early days came also There was much reverential wondering and weeping around her death-bed. Then rose the voice of prayer. At first her lips moved as her weak spirit joined in that fervent appeal—then they grew still, and poor Lucy was dead—dead in her gray haired youth!

But those who had gazed upon that placid face, and remembered her harmless life and her patient suffering, doubted not that the morn of an eternal day had broken on her NIGHT OF YEARS.

### WHAT A PAIR OF ANDIRONS COST.

FROM THE PLEDGE AND STANDARD.

'Peter,' said my uncle, knocking the ashes from his pipe, and laying it on the corner of the mantle piece, and then fixing his eyes on the andirons, 'Peter those andirons cost me one thousand dollars!'

'Dear me!' exclaimed my aunt.

'Oh, father!' exclaimed the girls.

'Impossible!' said I.

'True, every word true. One thousand did I say?—yes—two thousand—full two thousand dollars.'

'Well, well,' said my aunt, folding up her knitting for the night, 'I should like to know what you are talking about.'

My uncle bent forward and planted his hands firmly on his parted knees, and with a deliberate air, which showed no doubt of his being able to prove his assertion, he began:

'Well, you see, a good many years ago, we had a pair of common old andirons. Your cousin Letty says one day, 'father, don't you think those old andirons are getting too shabby?' Shabby or not, I thought they would hold the wood up as nicely as if they were made of gold. So I paid no attention to Letty. I was afraid she was growing proud. Soon after that, Peter,' continued my uncle, 'your aunt took it up—'

'There it goes,' interrupted my aunt, 'you can't get along without dragging me in.'

'Your aunt took it up, Peter, and she said 'our neighbors could afford brass andirons, and were no better off than we were.' And she said 'Letty and her sister Jane were just getting old enough to see company, and the stingy looking old andirons might hurt their market.' I knew that women will have their own way, and there was no use in objecting, and so I got the andirons.'

'The price of them was four dollars and a half—'

'Ah, that's more like it,' cried my aunt; 'I thought you said two thousand dollars.'

'My dear, I wish you would not interrupt me. Four and a half. Well, the first night after we had got them, as we all sat by the warm fire talking over the matter, Letty called my attention to the hearth, the stones of which were cracked and uneven. The hearth was entirely out of keeping with the new andirons, and I thought I might as well have it replaced first as last. The next day a mason was sent for to examine it. He came in my absence, and when I returned home your aunt and cousins all beset me at once, to have a marble slab. The mason had convinced them the hearth would not look decent without a marble slab, and they put their heads together—'

'La, me!' exclaimed my aunt, 'there was no putting any heads together about it. The hearth was a real old worn out thing, not fit for a pig-pen.'

'They put their heads together, Peter, as I was saying, and continued till I got a marble hearth, which cost me twenty dollars. Yes, twenty dollars, at least. Then I thought I was done with expenses, but I thought wrong. Pretty soon I began to hear sly hints thrown out about the brick-work around the fire-place not corresponding with the hearth. I stood out for a month or two against your aunt and the girls, but they at length got the better of me, and I was forced to have marble instead of brick. And then the old wooden mantel-piece was so out of character that it was necessary to have a marble one. The cost of all this was nearly one hundred dollars. And now that the spirit of improvement had got a start, there was no stopping place. The new marble mantel put to shame the old white-washed walls, and they must be painted, of course, and to prepare them for paint, sundry repairs were necessary. While this was going on, your aunt and the girls appeared to be quite satisfied, and when it was done, they had no idea the old parlor could be made to look so spruce. But this was only a short respite. The old rag carpet began to raise a dust, and I found there would be no peace—'

'Now, my dear!' said the old lady, with a pleasing smile, accompanied with a partial rotation of the head—

'Now, father!' exclaimed the girls—

''Till I got a new carpet. That again shamed the old furniture, and it had to be turned out and replaced with new. Now, Peter, count up, my lad—twenty dollars for the hearth, and one hundred for the mantel-piece, and thirty for repairs. What does that make?'

'One hundred and fifty, uncle.'

'Well, fifty for paper and paint—'

'Two hundred.'

'Then fifty for a carpet, and one hundred at least for furniture'—

'Three hundred and fifty.'

'Ahem! There's that clock, too, and the blinds—fifty more'—

'Four hundred exactly.'

My aunt and cousins winked at each other.

'Now,' continued my uncle, 'so much for this one room. No sooner was the room finished, than the complaints came from all quarters, about the dining room and entry. Long before this I had surrendered at discretion, and handed in my submission. The dining-room cost four hundred more. What does that count, Peter?'

'Eight hundred, uncle.'

'Then the chambers—at least four hundred to make them rhyme with the down stairs.'

'Twelve hundred.'

'The outside of the house had to be repaired and painted, of course. Add two hundred for that.'

'Fourteen hundred.'

'Then there *must* be a piazza in front—that cost two hundred.'

'Sixteen hundred.'

Here aunt began to yawn, Letty to poke the fire, and Jane to twirl over the leaves of a book.

'A new carriage came next, Peter, that cost two hundred dollars.'

'Eighteen hundred.'

'Then there was a lawn to be laid out and neatly fenced—a servant to be hired—parties given occasionally—bonnets and dresses at double the former cost, and a hundred other little expenses in keeping with the new order of things. And all this grew out of those very andirons. Yes, Peter, I was entirely within bounds when I said two thousand dollars.'

The opposition was silenced. My aunt immediately rose and guessed it was bed time. I was left alone with my uncle, who was not inclined to drop the subject. He was a persevering man, and never gave up what he undertook, till he had done the work thoroughly. So he brought out his books and accounts, and set about making an exact estimate of the expenses. He kept me up till after midnight, before he got through. His conclusion was that the pair of andirons cost him *twenty-four hundred and fifty dollars!*

### THE MAN WHO KISSED THE THREE GIRLS.

A young man who boarded at a house in the country, where were several city damsels, who seemed to imagine that men are terrible creatures, whom it was an unpardonable sin to look at, was one afternoon accosted by an acquaintance, and asked what he thought of the young ladies with whom he boarded? He replied that they were very shy and reserved.

"So they are," returned the other, "and so much so that no gentleman could get near enough to tell the color of their eyes."

"That they may be," said the boarder, "y

From the Philadelphia Bulletin, of Monday last.

ARRIVAL OF THE

## STEAMSHIP CALEDONIA.

### 15 Days Later from Europe.

### FALL IN BREADSTUFFS.

### ADVANCE IN COTTON.

### ARRIVAL OUT OF THE WASHINGTON AND BRITANNIA.

### NO SPECIE IN THE CALEDONIA.

Flour has fallen to 40 a 41s; Wheat 11 a 11½s; Corn 48 a 52s; Corn Meal 24 a 25s.

Cotton has advanced one-eighth of a penny per lb.

LIVERPOOL, June 19th, 12 o'clock.—CORN MARKET.—Subsequent to the departure of the last steamship, the market fully realized the upward tendency noticed upon the 3d, and which was maintained till about the 11th.

At that time, the best Western Canal Flour had reached 46s per bbl.; white Indian Corn had been quoted at 60s per quarter, and yellow at 58s. Since then, however, owing to the extreme favorableness of the weather and the promising appearance of the growing crops, the stability of the market has been materially shaken, and the disposition to fall clearly evinced.

The last three days the markets had been unusually dull, and the transactions of yesterday particularly were of an exceedingly limited character. They closed with 40s a 41s 6d for best Western Canal Flour. American Wheat 11s a 12s 3d per 70 lbs. Indian Corn, white, 48s a 52s per quarter, which is the very best quotations to be obtained. Corn Meal, 24s a 25s per bbl. Philadelphia and Baltimore Flour, 39s a 40s; Ohio, 37s a 38s, and sour, from 33s to 35s 6d.

The arrivals of wheat from Ireland, either of home growth or foreign returns, during the last fortnight have been very considerable, as also have been the imports from the United States for a week or ten days past.

Heavy loss has taken place in flour and meal by leakage, which has rendered a large quantity unmerchantable.

The rumors of the re-appearance of the potato disease, though unconfirmed, have not yet subsided, but they do not exercise the smallest influence upon the market.

#### THE COTTON MARKET.

The market, though fluctuating in the early part of the month, has now assumed a steadier aspect, and advanced fully ⅛d per lb. The sales of the week, ending last evening, amount to 36,000 bales, of which 5,000 have been taken on speculation, and 4,400 for export.—The American descriptions consist of 7,000 bales of Upland at 6¼d a 8¼d. Alabama and Mobile at 6 3-8d a 7¼d, and 120 bales Sea Island, at 12d a 18d, for middling, ordinary, and fair, and 20d a 22d for fine.

The stock now in port is estimated at 500,000 bales, against 732,000 last year.

#### THE PROVISION MARKET.

The imports of beef have been small, and with a light stock a large business has been done. Best U. S. prime mess is quoted at 90s a 95s per bbl. Ordinarily 81s to 88s. Mess 55s a 60s per bbl.

Pork is more inquired after and several sales are reported at full prices. Best U. S. prime mess is worth for old 65s a 70s per bbl., new 60s a 63s. Bacon has been fairly in demand, but fine sorts are scarce. It ranges from long middles, free from bone in salt, to shoulders, 68s to 35s.

Hams have sold very freely, but the stock is small. Hams, in salt, are now imported duty free.

Of cheese there is none in the market, it having been sold at full prices. Fine United States brings 52s to 60s; middling 45s a 46s.

Lard has advanced 3s to 4s on fine sorts, and 2s on ordinary qualities, but the market is really bare of fine descriptions.

Butter from the States is not in demand, the supply from Ireland being sufficient, but fresh butter is bought at good prices.

Linseed Cake is in good demand at £8.

*Financial Intelligence.*—The continued promising appearance of the growing crops, together with the suspension of the export of specie, have produced a revival of the confidence and greater ease in the Money market. The Bank of England now discounts more freely, but the funds are subject to different fluctuations. The amount of notes of the Bank of England in circulation is about £18,345,660, being a decrease of £316,739, and the stock and bullion in both departments amount to £10,236,599—showing a dicided increase upon the transactions of the preceding week.

Altogether the monetary prospects of the country are of a more encouraging character.

The following packets have arrived since the departure of the Cambria: The Patrick Henry and St. Patrick on the 10th June; the New York on 15th. The steamship Britannia arrived on Sunday the 13th, and the steamship Washington, at Southamton, on Tuesday afternoon, the 16th inst. She sailed from Bremen on Wednesday.

The Sarah Sands sailed for New York on the 15th inst.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Markets*—American Wool is scarce. A small parcel of 40 bags of half-bred Wethers, sold this week at 14¾d per lb.

Rosin is dull at 3s for amber.

Turpentine is also dull, and quotations nominal. No arriva's of Tar.

Tobaco is very inactive.

There has been no material alteration in metals. The state of the iron market since the departure of the last steamship: English bar is quoted at £9 7s 6d to £9 10s; Hoops £11 7s to £11 10s; Scotch pig £3 17s 6d; ditto in the Clyde for nett, cash, £3 3s 6d; Welch pig £5 to £5 5s.

#### GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

The fleet and forces of the Portugues Junta, under the command of Easantas, consisting of 12 ships of war and 3500 men, surrendered unconditionally to the British blockading squadron, off Oporto, on the 31st of May.

The American ship Herald, Captain Pullen, with emigrants from Ireland, went ashore in a dense fog on the 24th of May and filled. The crew and passengers were landed without loss.

The steamer Caledonia takes no specie this trip.

From the Herald Extra.

*The price of Flour.*—We give the prices of breadstuffs in Liverpool on the 3d and 18th June, in order to show as clearly as possible the decline between those dates in flour and grain. This comparative statement is made as accurate as the telegraphic report will permit:

*The Prices of Breadstuffs in Liverpool.*

| | June 3. Per Cambria. | June 18. Per Caledonia. |
|---|---|---|
| Flour | 43 0 a 45 0 | 40 0 a 41 6 |
| American Wheat | 12 6 a 13 3 | 11 0 a 12 3 |
| Indian Corn | 56 0 a 60 0 | 48 0 a 52 0 |
| Corn Meal | 27 0 a 29 0 | 24 0 a 25 0 |

*A Strong Claim.*—Mr. David Jordon, of Freeport, Maine, has petitioned the Legislature for one hundred or more acres of land, that he may be enabled to rear his numerous "pledges of love," with advantage to the State and honor to themselves. Among the reasons assigned for taking this bounty, in addition to his poverty, the petitioner avers, "that, up to three months ago, he had become the father of *thirteen* children—*ten* of which were living and mainly depending upon his care. That at a period of three months since he suddenly found himself the father of *three* more children! In a few hours, his flock had increased from *ten* to *thirteen!* Three pet lambs—three helpless daughters—were cast into the lap of poverty, all of which are now alive and vocal."

*What Next?*—An abolition paper has been established in Lexington, Ky. It is edited by a Mr. Vaughan, an able lawyer from *South Carolina*. Wonders will never cease.

*Philad. Bulletin.*

## LATEST NEWS FROM MEXICO.

OFFICE OF THE N. O. COMMERCIAL TIMES,
Tuesday, June 29, 1847—2 P. M.

### LATE AND IMPORTANT FROM MEXICO

The steamer New Orleans has just arrived from Vera Cruz. We hasten to transmit a portion of our correspondence from Mexico by this morning's mail.

Correspondence of the Commercial Times.

VERA CRUZ, JUNE 24, 1847.

*Gentlemen*—You will gather a fair notion of the daring and audacity of the guerillas, from their repeated atrocities under the walls of this city.

Within the past thirty-six hours, another man has been hanged by them, almost within gun-shot of our batteries. The victim was one of our most active police officers, a Dane, named Miller. He and a Frenchman were out riding, when they were "lassoed" and carried into the woods. The Frenchman was released, but Miller is said to have been put to death as stated.

Parties were out most of the day and night of yesterday, in search of the perpetrators of the outrage, and seven Mexicans were seized on the roads and brought in. Five of these proved to be gentlemen bound to Medelin, but the others are suspicious characters, and the Governor has imprisoned them to await further examination. One of them was taken on the horse which Miller was riding when attacked.

We are yet without authentic intelligence from Mexico of a later date than the 12th instant, and nothing of especial interest up to that time. There seems to be no doubt of Santa Anna's intention to make a stand against Gen. Scott at some point between Puebla and the capital, and our next arrival from our little army may tell us of another Cerro Gordo affair. Of the result, of course, I can entertain no apprehension even in the event of Alvarez's arrival and participation. I believe the suspicions long entertained, of British vessels supplying arms and ammunition to the Pacific ports, are not entirely unfounded. I am assured that considerable quantities of both have come in from Acapulco, and I have to ask why that port is not now occupied by our forces, naval or military? Or, if it be so occupied, how these things have been permitted to enter. I suppose the cause lies in the meagre force of men-of-war in that sea, a matter which requires remedy.

The movement of sending the mariners out here, is a good one, unless, as some think, their destination has connection with that Quixotic expedition to the interior, of which I spoke some time since. The Marine Corps is one of the finest bodies of troops in the world, or, it was so, some eight or ten years ago, and I suppose it has not fallen off since that time, badly as it has always been treated by Congress. Give it a chance in Mexico, and I will warrant a good account to be rendered.

The murderers of Miller are now supposed not to belong to the regular guerillas, but to be private enemies, which he has made in this city by his harsh treatment of the people, who occasionally came under his charge. He hated a Mexican from his soul, and sometimes treated the poor wretches, who committed trivial offences, shamefully. Some of the worst of these have taken occasion of a professional visit to Madelin, to waylay him on his return, and revenge themselves in this manner. One large negro, well known in the city, is supposed to be the chief of the party. I presume most of those concerned are by this time regular members of the guerilla band. It is yet, however, not absolutely certain that the man has been murdered.

The vomito is yet picking our poor fellows off, one or two at a time, in the city. Colonel Banks, well known in New Orleans and here as one of the finest fellows, and enterprising men in the country, is one of the last victims of which I am informed. He died yesterday morning, after forty-eight hours illness.

The disease cannot be said to be raging, nor do I think it is nearly so fatal in its operation as it has been in other years; but it is a really serious matter, and it is impossible to feel any degree of comfort in its neighborhood.

Business is still, of course, at a stand. Another vessel, the Spanish brig Amistad Campecheana, has arrived with a cargo of the goods stored in Havana, nearly the last, I think, of that stock.

A vessel is expected soon from Campeachy, where one cargo was stored during the blockade, and that I fancy will pretty much close the foreign trade with Vera Cruz, for some months at least.

I am informed that the head of one firm, and one of the very first in the city, has replied to a demand for duties, from the Collector, that he has no money and cannot pay. His thirty days are out, and it remains to be seen what will be the result. His goods will not be sold, as nobody can buy them, for the same reason that prevents the payment of his duties.

The brig Petersburg, from New York, is now here, discharging a small but rather valuable cargo—chiefly silks and drugs, to owners, Hargons & Co.

JUNE 25.—We received letters from Mexico last night, as late as the 15th, but they do not satisfy me on the subject of greatest interest—the election. One of them declares that Santa Anna has been chosen, with extraordinary powers, to use in the prosecution of the war, but is expressly forbidden to enter into negotiations for peace. It is also said that there are twenty thousand troops in the city of Mexico, and reinforcements are constantly arriving. Alvarez's force is now augmented (by report) to eight thousand men, well armed and equipped. Taking everything into consideration, I have no doubt that a bloody battle will precede Gen. Scott's entry into the Capital.

Gen. Scott had not left Puebla on the 16th inst., that is certain. He is waiting for reinforcements from the Eastward. General Cadwallader left Jalapa on the 19th, to join him, with some two thousand troops under his command. I think the army will move forward as soon as it receives this reinforcement, and the money and supplies which accompany it—the same which found so difficult a road to Jalapa.

Alvarez is said to have taken his station, with six thousand of his Sonora troops, between Puebla and Jalapa, for the purpose of cutting off Cadwallader's train, and would probably be reinforced.

The editor of "*El Arco Iris*" says he has information that the election did not come off at the time appointed, but is postponed until the 21st September. He says the general impression is that Herrera will be elected, and that negotiations for peace will immediately follow his installation.

Our dragoons have had quite a brush with the guerillas near Perote. Three hundred of them encountered four hundred guerillas in a ravine, and routed them, the Mexicans loosing some thirty killed. Our fellows were guided by the Alcade of Perote.

Senor Atocha is here, cruising about the streets, with no apparent *mission*, or business of any kind. He is most cordially hated by the Mexicans, and, I believe, disliked by every body in Vera Cruz, who knows any thing of him.

Yours, very respectfully,
INDICATOR.

[The following is the last letter which we have seen from Puebla, written by Mr. Kendall, one of the editors of the Picayune, and published in that paper of the 30th ult.]

PUEBLA, MEXICO, June 14, 1847.

For a wonder, yesterday we did not have anything even in the shape of a rumor from the city of Mexico, nor could we learn any thing positive of the movements of the enemy in this neighborhood. I saw a man, who arrived from Atlixco in the morning, who said that 600 of the Indians of Alvarez were expected there immediately—this was the only report received. Atlixco is eighteen or twenty miles from Puebla, and not on the road to the capital.

I send you files of papers, both from Atlixco and from Mexico—the latest date from the latter being to the 7th June. I have found it impossible to lay hands upon later papers, although I have seen them. All their contents of any importance I have given.

As yet no one knows when the army is to make a forward movement. Gen. Scott certainly will not march until reinforcements arrive, which are now without question on the way. A delay is certainly of more importance to our army than to that of the Mexicans, for even if the latter are enabled to augment their forces they will be beaten—that is certain: and then there is a strong probability that so straightened are the Mexicans for means that a delay of a month will find them dispersing over the country for the very means of subsistence, or else cut up by internal discords.

As regards the prospects of a peace, they appear just as distant as ever. A peace patched up at the city of Mexico at this time would hardly last until the ink is dry with which it may be signed; certainly not until the Americans are out of the country. Without doubt there is a large and influential party in favor of it, but they dare not avow themselves for fear of after consequences. I know not how it may turn up, but as I said in a former letter, I do not at present see any other course than for the United States to hold and retain possession of the country—aye, and to govern it, too.

Yours, &c., G. W. K.

From the N. O. Picayune, July 1.

### LATER FROM GEN'L TAYLOR'S ARMY.

The steamship James L. Day, Capt. Wood, arrived last evening from Brazos Santiago, whence she sailed on the 28th ult.

By this arrival we have our correspondence to the 16th June, from Monterey, but the news is of no great importance. Nothing has occurred to change the disposition of Gen. Taylor's forces in any material point, and there is no hope of an advance upon San Luis.

Capt. Bankhead, commanding a company in the Virginia regiment, arrived at Monterey on the 14th ult., from China. He reported that after the departure of the main body of the battalion for Monterey, he despatched a Mexican for Camargo with a communication for Col. Belknap. A few days after he learned that the messenger had been captured by a body of armed Mexicans, near Passo Zacata, and sentenced to be shot.

News had reached Monterey from China, of the death of Lieut. Mahan, who was shot in the recent duel with Lieut. Mumford—both of the Virginia regiment.

Three companies of Texas Rangers had recently come into Monterey, after having been out scouring the roads in the direction of Camargo. They failed to fall in with Urrea or any of his men, although rumor frequently had him in the neighborhood in force. Our correspondent thinks he is still the other side of the mountains.

The Rangers captured one or two "robbers," and, it is said, shot one of them. Upon their return, they were at once ordered up to Saltillo.

The Mexicans are said to be organizing small guerrilla parties, and the roads are somewhat beset with robbers, but we do not learn of any harm done by them.

A train from below arrived at Monterey on the 15th, escorted by several companies of the North Carolina regiment.

The health of the troops at Monterey was improving, and only one man had recently died. He was attached to the Virginia regiment.

The Mexicans are beginning to return to their residences in Monterey in considerable numbers.

A man named James Mays, a Virginian by birth, but a long resident of Texas, was shot recently by the guard, while attempting to escape from the guard house. A Texan Ranger had also been shot on the plaza by a fellow-soldier, and died. Notwithstanding these untoward events, Monterey is now much more quiet than it had been. The troops are under severe discipline and preserve admirable order.

The Massachusetts regiment had not reached Monterey at last accounts, but a rumor had been received that it was ordered to Vera Cruz. The rumor was probably unfounded, but it would excite no surprise were it true.

At the moment of writing this, we are in possession of our correspondence by the Jas. L. Day, but have no papers from Matamoras.

From the Picayune 2d inst.

### THE HEALTH OF VERA CRUZ.

So much has been said of the health of Vera Cruz, of the extreme mortality from the yellow fever which prevails there, that Dr. E. H. Barton, the head of the Board of Health in that city, has felt it his duty to make full exposition of the facts of the case that the public may be undeceived. He has accordingly transmitted to Gov. Johnson statements of the mortality in Vera Cruz from the 1st of May to the 16th of June, with various explanatory remarks.

Soon after Dr Barton arrived in Vera Cruz, the Municipal Council upon his recommendation organized a Board of Health, to whose control was submitted the entire sanitary condition of the city and neighborhood. The keepers of cemeteries were required to make regular reports to the Board, which is thus placed in possession of the facts connected with the mortality in the city. From the doctor's letter to the Governor we are permitted to make extracts; we do so sparingly, but give enough to relieve the extreme apprehension entertained in some quarters

"There are few cases of yellow fever here comparatively, and had we the appliances you have in New Orleans, the mortality would be much less than it is. It is the same disease we have always been familiar with there, though some of our foolish countrymen think it otherwise, because the Spaniards name it so and fall victims to a ridiculous credulity. But so far there is no *epidemic*, and the fatal cases have occurred *mostly* among men who would have died any where with fever of some kind; and fearlessly assure you that if I could regulate 'the habits and mode of living' of our countrymen, very few would take the disease, and still fewer die."

### FROM TAMPICO.

The schooner Sarah Elizabeth, Capt. Webb, arrived yesterday from Tampico, having left there on the 24th of June.

We learn from Mr. Mitchell that the English steamer Avon was lying off the bar, landing quicksilver. She would shortly proceed on her return voyage, touching at her several appointed ports, but she would take little or no specie with her, as in consequence of the guerilla parties it is deemed unsafe to transport even merchandize in the interior without a large escort of troops. Tampico feels sensibly this state of things. There is little business doing, the people being afraid to venture in with the ordinary products of the country.

The accounts of the health of the city are at variance. While Capt. Webb represents that the Louisiana Regiment is suffering dreadfully from the fever—less than one-fourth fit for duty—the Sentinel of the 20th ult. says the health of the town continues good, with the exception of some cases of intermittent fever.

The U. S. bomb brig Heckla, Lieut. Commanding Fairfax, is blockading the port of Soto la Marina.

The Sentinel has files of El Republicano to the 12th of June—three days later than we have received—but says they contain not a word of news, but are full of war articles, war "without intermission," war "without quarter."

If every man would read his *own* newspaper, not one for which he is in debt, then would the papers of the country flourish, and be better filled with news, and better printed, than it is now possible to make them.

"Pa, what do they mean by raw soldiers?"

"They mean those that have never stood fire."

"What! do they put the soldiers to the fire and roast 'em?"

☞We find in the North Carolinian, of last Saturday, the following extract of a letter written by Capt. Kirkpatrick, of the Cumberland and Bladen Company of North Carolina Volunteers, and although it is not so late as what we have already published, still we think it will be read with interest:

MONTEREY, June 4, 1847.

Your letter of the 27th March was received on the 2d ult., and the only one I have received; though I have no doubt letters have reached Camargo for me, since I left there on the 15th ult., in command of 76 men, a part of my company, and a detachment of company E., as an escort to a train of 1,500 pack mules, which we brought through safely. Lieut. Dunham remained at Camargo in charge of the other part of our company. Our regiment is scattered to the four points of the compass. Col. Paine at Camargo, Lt. Col. Fagg at Brazos at last accounts, Maj. Stokes at Ceralvo in command of companies A, E, H and F, and Dr. McRae at Ceralvo and quite well when last heard from. Companies D and G at Saltillo, which is the destination of our regiment, and where we all hope to be within 30 days.

I have called upon Gen. Taylor twice, and found him an affable old gentleman, quite plain, and presents the appearance more of an old farmer than the commander of an army.

I have visited the principal places in Monterey—the most pleasant place in the city is Gen. Arista's garden; it is handsomely laid off in squares, filled with shrubbery and great abundance of fruit trees: orange, lemon, pomegranite, pears, peaches, &c. It reminds me much of Niblo's Garden in New York. Gen. Arista's house is the finest in the city. The Bishop's Castle is an ancient structure, and can be seen at a distance of five miles from Monterey, though the city being in a valley, cannot be seen till quite close to it. The Cathedral is a fine building, is splendidly decorated within, and has a superb organ; it is numerously attended by the Mexicans, principally by the senoritas, some of the handsomest girls I ever beheld. I have attended several randangoes or cotillion parties. They are much enjoyed by the beautiful senoritas—they are beautiful dancers and splendid waltzers. All we have to do to procure a partner for the dance, is to walk up and extend the hand. I have learned some of their lingo—their language is easily acquired.

We have ripe peaches, melons, and corn—we are in a land of plenty, and perfectly Americanized. I have lost but two of my men since I landed in Mexico, and the health of the balance is generally good. As for myself, everything agrees with me—have not been sick a day since I left home.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The Philadelphi United States Gazette says, that a letter brought by an English gentleman to that City dated Mazatlan, May 3d, has the following intelligence.

The U. S. ship Independence, Com. Shubrick, had been blockading Mazatlan for two or three months, and during that period, had taken several prizes. She was expected to maintain the blockade a month or two longer, and then sail for the Sandwich Islands, from whence she would return to Monterey in September.

The U. S. ships Cyane and Portsmouth, were cruising up and down the Coast. The former had taken several prizes, and on the 2d of May, the latter had captured a prize valued at $200,000. But this does not satisfy the longing anxiety of the officers of the squadron, to do something for the honor of the navy. There have been frequent thoughts of an attack on Acapulco, which is represented as being nearly as strong as Vera Cruz, but it is not known what are the intentions of the Commodore.

The California Regiment had arrived out and in very bad condition. The men are represented as "not what they ought to be."

The Coast of California is quiet, and the inhabitants of Monterey have been saluted by the sounds of Yankee axes and hammers ringing through the woods, and astonished to see houses springing up in their streets almost as if my magic. They have had the pleasant sight, too, of Yankee girls, in Yankee bonnets, tripping along, amid the shawl-covered senoritas.

Immgrants have come and are coming over the Mountains in great numbers. Some of the parties have suffered to a horrible extent.—One caravan was overtaken by winter in the mountains, and were reduced to such an awful state, that they were obliged to eat the bodies of those of the party who died of cold and hunger. It is a singular fact, that most of the woman survived the horrors of the situation they were in, while the men died rapidly. A company went out from Monterey to bring them in, and after their arrival in comfortable quarters, it was found difficult to make them eat proper food. Suffering has subverted their reason and their nature, and they seemed desirous of continuing their shoullike propensities.

From the Baltimore Argus.

### THE WHIG PRINCIPLES OF '47.

Since the organization of the present anti-Democratic party to oppose the elevation of the patriotic Jackson to the chief magistracy, we have had five presidential elections. In all of those contests, we had the good fortune to see whig principles fairly developed, except in the struggle of 1840, when there was a union of the most discordant materials to effect a triumph over us. Then they carefully concealed all their principles from the "public eye" of the nation, and kept them confined to the private *ear* of each other. Since the presidential election of 1844, the whigs manfully adhered to their original principles until within a few months past; and when "the people's treasury" and "the people's tariff" were enacted during the summer of 1846, they promised to continue the fight against those two measures, and to make the repeal of both the principal issues at the election of '47 and '48. Opposition to those two measures was, of course, to be accompanied by their usual denunciations of the Mexican war and all engaged in the prosecution of it; and no efforts were to be spared to render both the war and its heroes odious in the eyes of their countrymen.

The year 1847 is barely half over, and yet what a change have we witnessed in the political tactics of this whig party! We have seen their "State Central Committee" of Baltimore issuing an address to the people of Maryland, and, on reading it, we were astonished to find that they had not a word to say in condemnation of those democratic measures, which, less than a year ago, they declared would bring irremediable ruin upon the country. Nor did we find the faintest call upon their whig friends to aid them in repealing the tariff of '46 and in restoring the tariff of '42, or in restoring that connexion between the government and the banks, which was broken up by "the people's treasury." Their silence on these questions is a confession that they regard them as the most conducive to the welfare of the country, and that an open opposition to them is sure to overwhelm them with defeat.

So far as we could see, there was not a solitary whig principle either developed or advocated in that address, but the greater part of it was occupied with laudations of General Taylor and the *whig* heroes of the war, and a nomination of that gallant old warrior as the whig candidate for the presidency. This was, indeed, a strange and marvelous step on the part of that whig committee, when we look back and see how much and how long they were abusing him over the shoulders of Mr. Polk, for bringing on the war. Indeed, this abuse of him is still persisted in by the most of them, notwithstanding their nomination of him for the presidency, as we have the documents to show. The whig principles of '47 consist, therefore, of hurrahs for General Taylor as their presidential candidate, and an opposition to the Mexican war, with its origin and its objects. The opposition is now as violent and unceasing on the part of the majority of them, as it was during the sitting of the late Congress, and, strange to say, Gen. Taylor catches as many of their heaviest blows as President Polk does. This we shall feel bound to prove, with a view of convincing the people of Maryland how insincere and hollow-hearted are their professions of regard for Gen. Taylor, and that they are only using his name as the means of electing their candidate for governor at the coming election. Such thinly disguised hypocrisy can never accomplish the ends in view.

### A REBUKE TO THE WHIGS.

The Whigs of our army in Mexico, (says the Petersburg Republican,) are entreating their friends at home to cease "giving aid and comfort" to the enemies of their country. The following extract of a letter from Wm. C. Toby, Esq., the regular Mexican correspondent of the "North American," an anti-war paper, but whose favorite correspondent becoming so exasperated at its course, writes the following keen rebuke:—

"*Anti-War Folks!*—There are now in Mexico many thousands of your fellow-citizens, who, at the call of their and your government, left homes, kindred, all that was comfortable and productive of happiness on earth, to sustain the decrees of that government and the honor of the nation. Whether the war is wrong or right, this is not the time to discuss it. If wrong, it must be brought to an honorable termination, and to do this all should be united. *The people we war against need not your encouragement to lay in wait for your brothers and murder them with the lasso and machette. They need not your pious curses upon our heads to incite them to hatred of every thing American. We should have your aid and support; we need your encouragement to sustain us in the trials and hardships we encounter in this unfriendly climate.* Our love of country and our patriotic impulses, made us fly to the rescue of our flag at the first call, and we can bear all the burdens war imposes without murmuring; *but we cannot brook your cold sneers at our sufferings, and your hypocritical prayers for our defeat.* Thousands now here will never see home nor kindred again—the hail storm of battle and the unhealthy climate, will thin our ranks more than even you may desire, *though your vein swell full of tory blood.* Even should it be clear that the President was wrong in the course he has pursued towards the Mexicans, *is it fair, is it patriotic in you, as Americans, to embarrass him, and aid our enemy to destroy us?* We, here, know no party; we know no faction; no political considerations influence us; and why should they influence you at such a time? We care nothing for Mr. Polk as a man, and if he does wrong we shall not be behind any in avowing it when the proper time comes. *But we can see no other work to do just now, and it is a pity you are not better employed. If you will take part with the enemy, come here and do it like men; show that you have as much courage as treachery in your hearts, and that you are not afraid to do that you wish done by our foes. If you want to flog Mr. Polk, go ahead, but do not cut our throats in the doing of it;* for there are a pretty snug party of us here who may have a quarrel to settle with him and his administration when this war is ended. That will be when Mexico is thoroughly whipped; and, as it will not take us long to do that, her friends in the United States will find the few that are left us ready and willing to do them the same favor on our return home. Desiring you to understand that the American volunteers have generally minds to appreciate your efforts, and excellent memories, I shall not waste paper by saying anything further while in Mexico.

"I expect that the foregoing paragraph is so much lost time and paper, but I feel at present very much like taking a grand round thro' the Massachusetts legislature, and wallopping the entire grocery, from the speaker to the spitton cleaners. *The sentiments so bunglingly put together here are but the echo of what is felt and spoken by every man in the army.*"

From the Journal of Commerce.

DOMESTIC EXCHANGES.—Suppose we read as follows:—"Some free trade gentry" are seizing upon almost every occasion, whether they write an editorial or a letter from Washington, to infuse a little of the traitorous humbug of free trade. "They seize upon the present opportunity, when all Europe is crazy for our breadstuffs, and prices enormously high, to show that it is all the effect of the beautiful free trade system, without a national bank or a protective tariff; as if this year were to be taken as a standard for other years. Plainly some other expedient must be devised to break the banks and ruin the country besides free trade, for that produces exactly opposite effects." Undoubtedly, creating the present and past high prices of breadstuffs, notwithstanding the want of them in Europe, regulating exchanges, and making money plenty throughout the country. We have now found the great panacea of all our mercantile troubles, &c.—glorious free trade!

BAH.

The well-known voice of a sheep's-head; remnant of a great people. Bleat away, Mr. Tariffite, for at the end of eighteen months from last December, there is promised a great resurrection of thy dead companions. The army of the past is then to reappear on earth, stalk over, and redeem a ruined country of broken Banks. Hold on at least until then, and if no breath then blows upon the slain, awake from thy trance, and do thyself the justice to believe thou art a man, and mayest be a freeman. But hearken; do not now distress thyself about unreal things. We do not say that free trade killed the Irishman's potatos or the Belgian's rye. But we say that Providence having withheld its blessings from the people there, Free Trade allows us to reap the advantages of this calamity, and allows them to buy food of us, and so to mitigate the calamity. Thou mayst call it production, or allowance; so that thou confess the existence of the blessing, and that it exist when those and all thy frieds predicted most awful calamities. Say then, and fix it in thy mind, that Americans can be free from a National Bank and a Protective Tariff, and yet not be ruined; nay, be prosperous, more than ever before.—Remember this, and thou wilt have begun to be a wise man. The remainder of the lesson will be taught thee as thou are able to bear it.

A MURDERER ARRESTED.—A man named Alexander, who passed here by the name of Campbell, was arrested in this place on Monday last, as a fugitive from justice in Georgia. An officer from Savannah had been here for some days, and after perfecting his arrangements for the eventual arrest, was about to depart in the Steamboat for Wilmington on his return home. On reaching the boat, the first person he laid his eyes on was Alexander, who, seeing that he was recognized and could not escape, at once surrendered himself. He had been here only a few weeks, and was employed on the boat. His family had joined him here from Georgia.

[*Fayetteville Observer of Wednesday.*

IMPORTANT TO VOLUNTEERS.—The following is an extract of a letter from J. L. Edwards, Esq, of the Pension office, in answer to an application for the pension allowed for the services of a volunteer, who died after being discharged from service on account of ill health:

"It is proper to remark that, as the deceased was discharged on a Surgeon's certificate of disability, it must be shown that the disease, on account of which he obtained his discharge, was incurred after he entered the Army, and while in the line of his duty as a soldier."

[*Baltimore Clipper.*

☞An unmarried lady on the wintiy side of fifty, hearing of the marriage of a young lady, her friend, observed with a deep and sentimental sigh, "Well, I suppose it is what we all must come to."

NEWLY DISCOVERED USES FOR THE SUNFLOWER.—Those most experienced in the cultivation of the plant are sanguine that, with a proper soil and proper cultivation, it is more profitable than wheat or corn. The seeds are more oleaginous than those of the flax plant, and combine the qualities for table use of the best olive oil; for burning, of the best sperm, without its smoke; and for painting it is said by painters who have used it to be superior to linseed, and it is more rapid in drying, equally easy in spreading, and without forming a much denser coat. Prepared and eaten as artichokes, the young cups of this plant are very esculent and pleasing to the palate; the stalks are an excellent substitute for hemp or flax, and for bee pasturage it is equal to any plant, yielding, from its luscious and numerous nectaries, an abundance of the best and most palatable honey. A writer in one of our agricultural exchanges, says that, on suitable soil, with proper cultivation, it will yield on an average from eighty to one hundred bushels of seed to the acre. From five to seven quarts of oil are calculated on per bushel. If this is not over-estimating its productiveness, and it can be raised as cheaply as wheat or Indian corn, ordinarily considered the most expensive crops cultivated, the Sunflower must be a very profitable production. We have heretofore cultivated it on a small scale, usually in vacant spots, by the fences and in places where the culture of other vegetables were ineligible, and so far as our experience goes, it corroborates the above assertions. We find that the green leaves are very excellent fodder for cows, especially when the feed in our pastures get low in seasons of scarcity & drought. We generally commence plucking of them in July, taking the lower leaves first, and feeding them out at night, or, if scarcity of feed is great, in the morning before turning them from their yards. We have sometimes given them corn-toppings and the leaves of the sunflower at the same time, and have found that the latter are invariably preferred. The seed of the sunflower is a most desirable food for poultry, its highly oleaginous nature wholly superceding the necessity of animal food.

*Exchange paper.*

THE RIFLE.—We find in "The Yankee," the following in reference to the principle of construction in the rifle, which is so peculiarly the American weapon, that all should comprehend its principles of action:

"Many persons who are very expert in the use of the rifle, know nothing of the principles on which it operates, and would be at a loss if asked why a grooved barrel throws a ball truer than a smooth bore. The reasons are these:

"In the first place, no bullet is or can be cast perfectly spherical. One side is always heavier than the other, and the ball, therefore, swerves from the right line of projection. However hard it may be to prove this, theoretically, practice demonstrates it. The same smooth bore, immovably fixed, twice loaded, with the same powder, and with balls cast in the same mould, will not plant them both in the same spot, at the same distance.

"The rifle barrel is a female screw, which gives the tightly driven ball a rotary motion, so that if the bullet, or rather the slug, swerves with one twist of the screw, another revolution corrects the error. There are three motions in a rifle ball: the straight forward, the spiral, and downward, caused by the power of gravity. A rifle of thirty to the pound drops its ball about a foot in a hundred yards. Rifles are sighted, therefore, to meet this deviation. On leaving the barrel, the ball moves above the line of sight, continually falling in a parabolic curve, till it intersects it. The point of intersection is called the point blank.

"Who invented the rifle is unknown. Its principle was known to the North American Indians before the discovery of the continent. Their arrows are feathered spirally, and move precisely in the manner of a rifle ball."

### BEHAVIOR OF OUR VOLUNTEERS.

We are struck with admiration at the peaceable and orderly manner in which our returned volunteers conduct themselves. During the last two months, over five thousand soldiers, fresh from the perils and excitements of a desperate and bloody war, have arrived in this city. The presumption would be supposable, that some of these men, subjected as they have been to rigorous duty, and menaced on every side by death and danger, would, on their arrival in a populous City like New Orleans, give a free rein to their passions and appetites, and thereby bring disgrace and misery upon themselves and their friends. Not so, however, with our gallant returned volunteers. They have deported themselves in the most correct and manly manner: they have neither insulted our citizens, nor engaged in affrays of any description, but, on the contrary, have been uniformly respectful and obedient to the laws. It is indeed a remarkable fact, and reflects the highest compliment on the discipline to which the volunteers have been subjected, that out of the thousands who have arrived here from the seat of war, during the last two months, but *one person* has been brought before police courts for a criminal offence of any kind. About a dozen have been arrested for having been intoxicated, but with these exceptions the conduct of the volunteers has been invariably proper and correct. It is a rare occurrence that we find men just arrived from any scene fraught with danger and peril, but more particularly from the sanguinary horrors of war, thus laying down the sword so calmly and gracefully, and apparently forgetting the dreadful trials through which they passed a few short months ago.

The conduct of our returned volunteers, is a commentary on the American character. When the trumpet sounded the first alarum of war, thousands of our countrymen—the grey-haired and the young, of every trade and profession—left their homes, and the tenderest ties that bind the heart to earth, to do battle for their country's honor. At first undisciplined to a certain extent, they were not prepared for the privations and toils that necessarily follow the footsteps of an invading army, but time made them accustomed with danger, and hardships of every kind were softened and alleviated by the knowledge that their indurance constituted a part of their country's honor. These brave men, after having breasted the fiercest storms of battle that ever raged on this continent—after having planted the banner of the Stars and Stripes on every field and mountain-top where the enemy has dared to throw the gauntlet—are returning peacefully to their homes. They present no braggadocia appearance, but, on the contrary, seem entirely unconscious of having performed those almost superhuman feats of valor, that are at once the wonder and the admiration of the world. They wear a silent triumph, though, upon their open, sunburnt features; which tells more eloquently than language could describe, how elated they are with the proud consciousness of having done their duty nobly. Their courage on the battle-field is only equalled by the strict propriety of their deportment after having thrown aside the soldier's garb, and changed, as it were, the "sword into the reaping-hook."—*N. O. Delta.*

*American Mechanics in Russsia—Great Success.* A letter from St. Petersburg in a New York paper, gives an interesting account of a visit of the Emperor Nicholas and suite, to the workshop of Messrs. Harrison, Winans, (of Baltimore,) and Eastwick, contractors of the St. Petersburg and Moscow Railroad. The Emperor paid a visit to every room in the establishment, examined minutely all the Machinery, in its different stages of completion, and expressed himself highly delighted with the skill and ingenuity of the contractors, whom he congratulated upon their success.

On the following day, as a testimony of his majesty's satisfaction, he promoted Col's. Kraft and Melnikoff to the rank of Generals, and ordered the cross of Saint Anne to be conferred upon Maj. G. W. Whistler, the American engineer; also that valuable diamond rings should be presented to the contractors, Messrs. Harrison, Winans and Eastwick.

The establishment of Messrs. Harrison, Winans and Eastwick employs at present 1,920 workmen, including 1,613 Russians, 121 Germans, 164 Swedes, 17 English, and 5 Americans, which number embraces the whole number of foremen and workmen.

The contracts of Messrs. Harrison, Winans and Eastwick embraces 162 twenty-five ton locomotives and tenders; 5,300 iron trucks for eight wheel cars; 2,500 eight wheel freight cars; 70 passenger cars, and two improved cars on sixteen wheels, 80 feet long. Out of which are now finished, 108 locomotives with their tenders; 5,200 wagon trucks, 906 freight cars, and 2 passenger cars.

*Baltimore Clipper.*

GRAND ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER OF THE STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA.—A Convention composed of delegates from the existing Royal Arch Chapters in this State was held at Masonic Hall in this town last week, for the purpose of reviving the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State. A re-organization of the body was effected by the adoption of a constitution and set of by-laws, and the election of the following officers.

Alfred Martin, of Wilmington, Grand High Priest; Isaac Northrop, of Wilmington, D. G

# WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

**Friday, July 9, 1847.**


FOR CONGRESS,

## HON. JAMES J. M'KAY,

OF BLADEN COUNTY.

ELECTION FIRST THURSDAY IN AUGUST.

### AGENCY.

JAMES M. REDMOND, Post-master at Tarboro', is Agent for this paper, for Edgecombe and the adjoining counties. Mr. R will take pleasure in receiving new subscribers and receipting for any moneys due us in that section.

JOSEPH MASON, Post's Buildings, corner of Hanover and Beaver streets, N. Y., is our agent, for receiving Advertisements in that city, for publication in the Journal. He will also receive subscribers for the same.

OUR NATIONAL BIRTH-DAY.—Another national birth-day has passed. Another annual wave on the ocean of our history, as an independent republic, has broken upon the shores of eternity. And we are rejoiced in the reflection that it, like all its predecessors, has found our happy republic bounding onward with an increased velocity towards the great and glorious goal to which her destiny points. We have now entered upon the 72d year of our national life, and surely there cannot be a man on the face of the globe, be he monarchist or be he republican—bond or free—who can gaze upon the dazzling brilliancy of our career, thus far, without a feeling of exultation and pride, when he reflects that he, too, belongs to the same race of beings who have reared up such a beautiful and matchless structure, as this happy republic presents to the admiring gaze of the nations of the earth.

Monday, the 5th, was celebrated in Wilmington, and really we must say, as a public journalist, that the manner in which it was celebrated was not, in our estimation, by any means such as it should have been. May Heaven grant that the day may be far distant when the people of America shall cease to regard the 4th of July as a day sacred to grateful rejoicing: When such a day does arrive, then, indeed, may we feel alarmed for the permanence of the glorious institutions under which we live.

It is true that in our town the military turned out; but then, why was the time-honored custom neglected of having a procession in honor of the day, and an oration embodying the sentiments which we trust the day gives rise to in every breast. Is this the way in which the people of Wilmington are wont to treat the great national Sabbath of America? We trust we may never again be compelled to make similar remarks.

MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH FOR WILMINGTON.—On Monday last, Mr. Haley, one of the Agents for the Washington and New Orleans Telegraph Company, visited Wilmington for the purpose of conferring with the business men of the place, upon the subject of establishing a branch to this place from Fayetteville. We have not heard what action was taken in the premises, but presume, as a matter of course, that the thing will be done, as the whole cost of the line would be only about $13,000, and Fayetteville, we learn, is willing to subscribe $4,000.

☞On the outside of to-day's paper, the reader will find one of Longstreet's inimitable sketches, (taken from the Georgia Scenes,) the "*Horse Swap.*" We are sure that it cannot fail to be read with pleasure. We have long regarded the "Georgia Scenes" as containing the most humorous delineations of Southern character, which have ever emanated from the American press. We shall, as circumstances may permit, occasionally give our readers one of these sketches.

THEATRE.—On Monday night last, the Wilmington *Thalian Association* gave its last entertainment for the season. We learn from those who were present on that occasion, that the performance went off in the best style, to a large and delighted audience. We presume that our young friends will re-open the Theatre in the fall.

### WHAT IS THE REASON WE CANNOT HAVE PEACE?

This is a question asked by every one, and it is one, too, very difficult of solution. Why is Mexico so obstinate, that even after she has been beaten on every field—after our victorious armies have penetrated to the very heart of the Republic, and there can possibly be no hope that she can retrieve the past by a continuance of the struggle, why is it that she still spurns all our overtures for peace? She does not, that we know of, expect any aid from other nations, and surely she cannot anticipate any good from the continuance of the present contest, if she does not expect that, by its protraction, she will gain some advantages which her military prowess cannot promise her. Well, then, what is the real reason why she will not even entertain the overtures for peace which we are continually making to her, and which we are at this moment ready to make to her, if she will only listen to them? The real secret of her obstinacy is to be found in the aid and countenance which she receives from the whig party in this country. Mexico has found out that there is a large and influential party in the United States who denounce the war as an "unholy, unjust, and infamous war," and she has been led to believe that if she can only hold on till this party gets into power, that her troubles will all be at an end—that the armies of the United States will be withdrawn to the left side of the Rio Grande. This, we believe, is the real secret of the difficulties which now prevent the speedy termination of the war, upon terms satisfactory and honorable to both Republics. The leading Federal papers are received in the City of Mexico, and articles taken from them, denouncing the war, and the administration for carrying it on, are re-published in the papers of the Capital, and inferences drawn from them that the United States are divided on this war question, and that by holding on till the Federal party gets into power, they (the Mexicans) will get peace on their own terms. This, in our estimation, is the real secret of the apparently insane obstinacy of the Mexican people. For if they were certain that the people of this country were unanimous in their opinions on this question, we cannot but believe that they would have come to terms long since. Indeed, in our estimation, the Federal press is doing more this moment to protract the war than the Mexican army. How unfortunate for both countries that such a state of things should exist. For the United States, inasmuch as it protracts the war, and thereby causes a vast and otherwise needless waste of blood and treasure on her part;—for Mexico, inasmuch as it is luring her on to her final destruction. For it cannot be concealed that every day the war is prolonged will only increase the amount of *damages* which Mexico will be *compelled* to pay to the United, States when the *cause* is finally determined. We do, in all the sincerity of our hearts, wish that the Federal editors would look at this matter calmly and in the proper spirit. We think that if they would do so, they could not continue their reckless and unpatriotic course.

RECHABITE ANNIVERSARY.—We learn that the ROCK-SPRING TENT, No. 180, I. O. of R., will celebrate its first anniversary on Saturday next. The procession will be formed in front of the TENT ROOM, on Market Street, and will then march to the Methodist Protestant Church, where an address will be delivered by the Rev. Mr. JONES, a member of the Order. The citizens generally are invited to attend. We trust the association may have a pleasant day for its celebration.

MEXICAN AFFAIRS.—So it turns out, after all, that Gen. Scott has not yet taken up the line of advance from Puebla upon the capital of Mexico. Accounts published in our paper of last Friday, stated that, upon the 16th of June, he had made the forward movement. This, more recent accounts prove to be a mistake. In the Picayune of the 30th June, we find a long correspondence from Mr. Kendall, one of the proprietors of that paper, dated at Puebla, and leading from the 5th to the 14th of June. The 14th is the latest date which we have from that city. Mr. Kendall says that Gen. Scott will not make any movement upon the city of Mexico 'till he is reinforced. He further states, positively, that Santa Anna is virtually the dictator of the Mexican republic, and that he is making the most vigorous exertions to put the city in such a state as to resist the attempt of Gen. Scott to take it. The Mexicans are casting cannon, shells and shot, in vast quantities. Already they have some 70 or 80 pieces of ordinance. There is no doubt now, upon our mind, but that Gen. Scott will have another hard fight before he enters the "Halls of the Montezumas." It is said that there are about 20,000 troops under arms in the city, and that they are determined to make a desperate resistance. We hope that Gen. Scott will be enabled to move with such a force as will ensure for our army a speedy and complete triumph. One thing Mr. Kendall thinks is certain: that Gen. Scott will not move till he is largely reinforced. This, however, will be in a short time.

☞We call the attention of our readers to the following editorial, which we find in the Charleston Mercury of the 5th inst. The Mercury seems to think that there is now no doubt but that the connection by Rail Road from North to South will be built *some where.* This is our opinion too, and we have heretofore so expressed ourselves. It will be seen from this article of the Mercury that the people of Charleston (according to the Editor) are interested in this matter. No doubt of it; and had Charleston, in days gone past, thought and acted in the proper spirit, she and Wilmington might now have been moving hand in hand in building the Connecting Link. She did not.

We think it our duty to place these matters before our readers; for the subject is one of vital importance to this whole section of North Carolina. The two articles which the Charleston paper alludes to are one from the Journal of last week and one from the Norfolk Herald of Monday.

*Rail Road Communications from North to South.*—It has long been a struggle to make the communications by Rail Roads complete from New Orleans, by Montgomery, in Alabama, to Boston. It seems not to be in a way of accomplishment. The two following articles, as well as others which we have heretofore published, show that there is that at work which the people of Charleston should look to. It seems Boston capital has come into the affair. Messrs. Henshaw and Co. are men well known—remarkable for sagacity and energy, they have and can command ample capital. It is clear that the Portsmouth Road is not the terminus of their views. The Portsmouth Road, and the Wilmington Road, or the Raleigh Road, *filled* out to the South Carolina Road at Charleston, Manchester or Camden, will be the end aimed at, and *ultimately accomplished.*

The reason of this is obvious. Unless this connexion is made complete by Railroad, the line of steam Packets, the *Southerner and Northerner*, and others that will be built and put on with them, will divert so much travel from the the North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and other Roads of the great Northern and Southern Line, that their profits will be materially diminished. By filling up the line from Wilmington or Raleigh to the South Carolina Road, this is remedied perfectly, and an immense amount of travel drawn through on the line. Messrs. Henshaw and Co. and the proprietors of the whole of the Roads, comprising the line from New Orleans to Boston, know and feel this to be true. Their combined efforts, joined with the aid of local subscriptions, will as surely build either the Raleigh and Camden link, or the Wilmington and Manchester, or the Wilmingmington and Charleston, as human interest always seeks its own advantage.

Now, which shall it be?

It is said, and we believe with more truth than is generally credited, that Messrs. Henshaw and Co. are in negotiation both with the Governor of North Carolina for the Raleigh Road and with the Willington and Weldon Road Company, with a view of purchasing one or the other lines.

If the Manchester line is taken, what is to be its effect on us? Wilmington expects, by a wide gauge of Road, to draw the trade to herself. Look at the article from the Wilmington paper. This we don't fear. But that much of the travel will give us the go by, is very certain.

*Arrival of Capt. Wilson.*—We have just heard that Capt. Wilson has arrived at his plantation near this place. A letter has been also received here from Capt. Solomon Pender, but no further intelligence from our Volunteers, than that which we give in extracts from the papers.

We find the above paragraph in the Tarborough Press, of Saturday last. We have not heard of Gen. Wilson's passage through this place.

[The above article was intended for last week's paper, but some how was overlooked in making up the "form."]

The following is taken from the Tarboro' Press of Saturday last, and settles the question, we suppose, so far as the acceptance or non-acceptance goes:

"*Col. L. D. Wilson.*—After a number of contradictory reports, it is now certain that this officer has accepted the Colonelcy of the 12th Regiment of Infantry. He will be an ornament to the service, and a useful man to his country, let him be where he will. No fear but that L. D. Wilson will gather fresh laurels in his new sphere of action."

### GEN. TAYLOR AND THE PRESIDENCY.

A good deal has been "said and sung" about Gen. Taylor as a candidate for the Presidential chair. A good many of our Federal cotemporaries in the South have hoisted the name of Gen. Taylor as their candidate for the Presidency. At the same time, several influential organs of the same party in the New England States, and also in Ohio, have thrown cold water upon the whole matter.—Most of the Whig papers claim him for a good out-and-out Clay Whig, whilst others say, although a whig, General Taylor is a moderate man, and is not much wedded to party. For our own part, we have not yet been able to find out what political principles the Hero of Buena Vista really does profess. In vain have we enquired of our Federal cotemporaries who have hoisted his name, for the principles of the man whom they desire to place in the Presidential chair of the Union. In vain, we say, for we have never yet had our enquiries answered. Gen. Taylor has incidentally written several letters, but from none of them have we been able to extract the desired information. The following letter which we find in the Cincinnati Signal of the 26th June, is the most public and authoritative which Gen. Taylor has yet written; still it leaves us in the dark on this all-important point. The editor of the Signal had written a long article on the subject of the next Presidential campaign, and Gen. Taylor's connection with that campaign, and he addressed a letter to Gen. Taylor, enclosing the article, and especially calling the General's attention to the views there expressed; and also, we believe, requesting a reply. The letter which we give below, is the reply which the editor received. It is short, and produces in the mind two or three conclusions: First, General Taylor would accept the Presidency, if tendered to him by the spontaneous voice of the American people. In the second place, Gen. Taylor refuses to give his views on political matters *just now.* In the third place, the old Hero distinctly says, that he will not be the candidate of any party. What do our Federal friends think of this last *little matter?*—What construction do they put upon this part of the letter? Is this just the candidate they would like to support? One who would not be either a Whig or a Democrat before the election, but who they might think they would be able to mould to their own views, if they could once elect him? We would like to hear from some of the Federal papers on this subject.

The following is the letter alluded to:—

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF OCCUPATION.
Camp near Monterey, May 18, 1847.

SIR—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, with the enclosure of your editorial, extracted from the "*Signal*" of the 13th April.

At this time my public duties command so fully my attention, that it is impossible to answer your letter in the terms demanded by its courtesy, and the importance of the sentiments to which it alludes; neither, indeed, have I the time, should I feel myself at liberty, to enter into the few and most general subjects of public policy suggested by the article in qustion. My own personal views were better withheld to the end of the war, when my usefulness as a military chief, serving in the field against the common enemy, shall no longer be compromised by their expression or discussion in any manner.

From many sources I have been addressed on the subject of the Presidency, and I do violence neither to myself nor to my position as an officer of the army, by acknowledging to you, as I have done to all who have alluded to the use of my name in this exalted connection, that my services are ever at the will and call of the country, and that I am not prepared to say that I shall refuse if the country calls me to the Presidential office, but that I can and shall yield to no call that does not come from the spontaneous action and free will of the nation at large, and void of the slightest agency of my own.

For the high honor and responsibilities of such an office, I take this occasion to say, that I have not the slightest aspirations; a much more tranquil and satisfactory life, after the termination of my present duties, awaits me, I trust, in the society of my family and particular friends, and in the occupations most congenial to my wishes. In no case can I permit myself to be the candidate of any party, or yield myself to party schemes.

With these remarks, I trust you will pardon me for thus briefly replying to you, which I do with a high opinion and approval of the sentiments and views embraced in your editorial.

With many wishes for your prosperity in life, and great usefulness in the sphere in which your talents and exertions are employed, I beg to acknowledge myself

Most truly and respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
Z. TAYLOR,
Major General U. S. Army.

JAMES W. TAYLOR, Esq., Cincinnati, Ohio.

"TRULY A STILL MORE BEAUTIFUL FIX."—Some two or three weeks ago we penned a short article with a "heading" something like the above. Since writing that article, we think our "whig" friends have gotten themselves into a "still more beautiful fix" than they even then were. Gen. Taylor's very latest letter says as plainly as language can speak, that under no circumstances, will he become the candidate of any party. What will our "whig" friends say to this? Here they have been making fools of themselves by attempting to drag the old hero into the turmoil of partizan strife, to gratify their own personal interested views, when smack upon the face of all this comes the letter of Gen. Taylor himself, declaring that he will not consent to be a candidate of any party. The most annoying part (for the Feds), however, of the General's letter, is the silence which he prudently maintains with regard to his political views. Not a single "whig" amongst them can yet tell whether Gen. Taylor is a "whig" or a democrat. If they can, let them shew us the proofs. But really, and in good earnest, "friends and fellow-citizens" of the "whig" wigwam, what are you to do now, that your candidate himself expressly *refuses* to become the candidate of any party? Run him, and take the chances? You got bitten in the case of John Tyler. So we presume the knowing ones of your party will hardly risk the game again. What are you going to do? We pause for a reply.

AVERAGE PRICE OF FLOUR.—The Albany Argus publishes a statement of the average prices of Flour in that city from the year 1824 to 1846, inclusive, by which it appears that the highest average price, $9 64, was in 1837; lowest average price, $4 53, was in 1844.—Highest price, $12, was in 1837; lowest price, $3 75, was in 1846.

☞There are upwards of 200 applicants for the vacant Consulate of the city of Havre, in France. We will take any bet that there is not one application from the old North State.

GEN. MCKAY AND MR. HALL.—Under this head, the last Observer has a long article, of course abusive of Gen. McKay. Indeed, if the Observer did not abuse him, we would have some doubts upon the score of his democracy. The Observer thinks, that with the proper efforts, the General's re-election can be defeated. This, as a matter of course, the Observer knows to be merely "talk for talk's sake." The only way in which Gen. McKay's strength in this district can be shewn, is by bringing out strong opposition to him. The last canvas proves this to be the case. Mr. Meares, the then whig candidate, did all that mortal whig could do. He canvassed the district thoroughly, and we will add, ably.—What was the result? Why, that Gen. McKay then received a larger vote than he had ever received before. His friends came to the polls. Such would be the result next month, if there was anything like strong opposition—at least, if the people of the district thought so.

The Observer brings up the expression which Mr. Hall, in his address, represents Gen. McKay as using at Bladen Court House, "Shortly after some session of Congress," with regard to his (Gen. McKay's) voting with the whigs once or twice when he first went to Congress, and his not doing so afterwards.—Whether Gen. McKay ever made use of the language attributed to him by Mr. Hall or not, of course we cannot say. If the conversation as it actually occurred, could be fully placed before the reader, we feel confident it would convey far other ideas than does the version given by Mr. Hall. But by the way, we would like to know if the Observer thinks that Mr. Hall is pursuing a *very* high minded course in thus (even supposing his statements to be correct) bringing into the canvas what must have been intended at the time, as a private conversation. Why did not Mr. Hall make this public long since, if he considered it a matter of such moment? The "panic" session of Congress (shortly after which Mr. Hall thinks the conversation occurred) adjourned a number of years ago. Why has Mr. Hall permitted the matter to slumber so long? This is something like the certificate affair of the last campaign, and we presume of about the like force.

MR. HALL AND HIS APPOINTMENTS.—Mr. Hall is out again in the last Chronicle, and we presume he thinks that he has been peculiarly severe, both upon Gen. McKay, and the "Editor of the Journal." If the idea in any wise tends to increase Mr. Hall's complacency and happiness, we have no objection to his enjoying the full benefit of it Mr. Hall has made a number of appointments to address the people of the district, and invites Gen. McKay to meet him. Long before Gen. McKay consented to become a candidate, he distinctly stated to those who conversed with him upon the subject, that the state of his health, even should he consent to become a candidate, would not permit him to canvas the district. We believe the unanimous reply of the democracy of the district to this declaration of Gen. McKay, then was, and now is, so far as we can learn, that there was no necessity for this course in his case—that he had been so long before the people, and his principles were so well known, that, to canvas the district, would be a needless and unnecessary piece of labor upon his part. Mr. Bryan is, however, as we learn, vigorously engaged in canvassing the Congressional district, and if Mr. Hall is so anxious to break a lance before the day of election, he can get a chance.

If we mistake not, Mr. Hall published in the Chronicle of July 29th, 1846, a communication under the signature of "One of the Committee," in which the following famous sentence occurs: "The States of this Union never were separate and distinct sovereignties." Perhaps it would not be amiss if the aspiring gentleman would, whilst addressing the people at Whiteville, &c., enlarge upon this short text. It is somewhat of a novel view of our political institutions, and no doubt would prove very interesting to his hearers.

PROGRESS.—Well, our brethren of Yankee land, are truly a pushing, go-ahead sort of people. The merchants of New York, not content with having a line of Telegraph from Boston to that place, have devised a means by which news from Europe can be communicated from Halifax, N. S., to Boston, without waiting for the steamer to bring it. This is the way they do the thing:—When the steamer arrives at Halifax, the news is expressed by beacon signals to Boston, and thence to New York by Telegraph. On the highlands which intervene between Boston and Halifax, and at convenient distances, signal fires are lighted, and by the manner in which they are lighted, &c., the knowing ones can tell whether a rise or fall has taken place in the foreign market; and even the extent of that rise and fall. Well, they are a go-ahead set of people, them same New Yorkers.

SANTA ANNA.—So Santa Anna has withdrawn his resignation. We find in the N. O. Delta of the 28th ult., his letter addressed to the Sovereign Congress, dated 2d June, in which he says that from the earnest solicitations of persons of all classes, he is "forced" to withdraw his resignation, tendered on the 28th of May, and to continue a little longer in power, as the only means of saving his distressed country. His letter is a queer document. Mexican papers of the same date as this letter, state that the probabilities are that the populace will compel him to quit power without another *voluntary* resignation.

THE CROPS.—We have made it our business for some days past, to look over our exchange papers from all parts of the Union, for the purpose of ascertaining what the prospects of the growing crop of the United States are. The result has satisfied us, that it will be an unprecedentedly large one. The accounts from all parts of the country are extremely favorable. The crop, too, will be much larger than that of any former year. The high prices which bread stuffs have borne during the past winter, has stimulated the farmers of the country to far superior exertions, in order to cultivate more lands. Taking all these things into consideration, we would not be surprised if the grain crop of '47 would be greater, by 33 per cent, than that of the past year.

☞Elections in Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Missouri, and Alabama, will take place on the 2d of next month.

QUEER.—The Philadelphia Bulletin says that snow fell in Boston on Sunday, the 20th ultimo.

☞What a wet blanket, that last letter of Gen. Taylor's has thrown over the dreams of some of our whig cotemporaries. Some of the whig papers, in their blind phrenzy, pronounced it a forgery. Others make the most they can of it. Some say they like it, whilst others seem to find in it more proofs of the genuine whiggery of the writer.

The last Fayetteville Observer likes the letter, and says that it has not the slightest objection to General Taylor's election by the whole people. We wonder whether the Observer would stick up to this declaration, if the old Hero were to come out and declare himself a democrat The Observer goes for General Taylor any how, we infer from the last number of that paper. It has no objection to his election, whatever his politics may turn out to be. Gen. Taylor has not, that we have seen, said or done anything which enlightens us as to what political party he belongs, or which political party he likes best. Still the Observer has no objection to his being elected to the Presidential Chair. In these latter days, the whig party, if we are to judge from its papers, has entirely ceased to talk about principles. What has become of the "great leading cardinal principles of the great whig party?" It seems now, that it is a matter of no moment whether their candidate is for or against the leading measures, which three years ago, they deemed fundamental points in their political creed. So the world of whiggery goes.

☞The Raleigh Register of Tuesday last, contains the proceedings of a "great Taylor meeting," held in that city on Saturday last.—The meeting, such as it was, was composed entirely of whigs. Resolutions of course were adopted and ordered to be transmitted to Gen. Taylor. We presume that the prime movers of this meeting had not read General Taylor's Cincinnati letter, or the meeting would not have been so enthusiastic as the Register represents it. Henry I. Toole, the "Taylor democratic candidate" for Congress in the Raleigh district, made a speech in the meeting, and declared that "if Gen. Taylor was good enough for the whigs, he was good enough for him." So says the Register.

☞The Portsmouth Old Dominion notices for the first time, on Thursday, the 1st inst., the fact that the Portsmouth & Roanoke Rail Road is again about to be put in working order. The "Dominion," however, does not say one word about who is to supply the funds; nor does it intimate, in the most remote manner, whether or no the operations of those who are about to re-organize the Portsmouth Road, are to extend any further South.

☞Colonel Doniphan says, that his famous Missouri boys have one more R than General Taylor himself. They are Rough, *Ragged* and Ready.

PORTSMOUTH AND ROANOKE RAIL ROAD.—Verbally, we learn that the company (Henshaw & Co.) who have purchased this Road from the Trustees of the Town of Portsmouth, have already commenced operations towards its speedy re-organization. It is to be laid with T. iron, and the company contemplate placing on the Bay a line of first class steamers. The trip from Weldon to Baltimore will then be made in about 14 hours. Some 5 or 6 hours in advance of the inland route.

☞The Fayetteville Observer of Wednesday last, speaks very confidently of the continuation of the Metropolitan route. The editor of that paper seems to think that the Boston Company of capitalists, in their purchase of the Portsmouth Road, had the building of the Metropolitan route in their eye. We of Wilmington, know of no facts which would go to bear out this conclusion. Indeed we do not think, from all that we can learn, that Henshaw & Co, have made a single move towards the purchase of the Gaston Road.—Time will show, however.

GEORGIA.—The Democratic Convention, which met at Milledgeville, on the 28th June, for the purpose of selecting a suitable candidate for Governor, unanimously nominated the Hon. George. W. Towns, of Talbot county.

For the Journal

### CELEBRATION OF THE 4TH OF JULY.

*Rejoice with them that do rejoice.*

In accordance with arrangements made by a committee previously appointed for the purpose, last Saturday was observed, at South Washington, New-Hanover county, as the jubilee of American freedom and independence. The Militia of this district met at an early hour, on the usual parade ground,—and after the officers—Thos. E. I. Pigford, Capt., and Ephriam Powers, Lieut., had carried them through several evolutions in military tactics, in an elegant and soldierly-like manner, they marched near to the Store of D. Harrell, Esq., and formed in a line or lines, for the Procession. At this place a crowd of respectable citizens collected from various sections of this county, and some from Duplin and Sampson counties, joined the lines of the Militia. In this company, there were persons of all ages, ranging from the man of seventy years old to the years of boyhood. Of the latter class, there was a goodly number, and the countenances which many of them exhibited, and the attention they paid to the proceedings of the day, spoke loudly that they, too, had an interest at stake. From this place the whole company, which constituted a long train, commenced the Procession, and continued it in easy and uniform steps, until they arrived at the house provided for the occasion. Near the house, there were some Mulberry trees which afforded a delightful shade. The ground under these trees was occupied by a compact body of men—the house and piazza were filled with ladies. When the Speakers took their seats on the piazza, (which is elevated,) and the order of the day was announced, the meeting was opened by prayer to Almighty God. After which, the Declaration of Independence was read by Lewis Thomas, Esq. After this, Mr. R. H. Tate delivered an Oration commemorative of the 4th of July, 1776. After he had concluded, Mr. J. D. Powers delivered an Eulogy on Gen'ls Zachary Taylor and Windfield Scott.

It was the sentiment of all, with whom I conversed, that both those young gentlemen performed the tasks respectively assigned them with much credit to themselves, and to the entire satisfaction of all present.

The meeting was then closed with an interesting prayer by Rev. Mr. West.

After an interval of forty or fifty minutes, the ladies and gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous dinner prepared by Capt. Pigford. Not a word was spoken, whereby the harmony or good feelings of any party or class of people might be injured—no casualty occurred to depress the rejoicings of any, from the commencement to the end; and at one moment you might see a group here and group there, taking their leave of their companions, and at the next they were wending their way homeward, joyfully and quietly. The recurrence of this day has been indeed a time of gladdening our hearts and of forming a deeper and more hallowed attachment than ever to our country and to all its institutions, civil, political religious. Rarely have meetings of this kind been conducted more ardently and with a better spirit.

*Vicinity of So. Washington,*
July 6th, 1847.


DR. H. F. PEERY'S VERMIFUGE OR "DEAD SHOT," FOR WORMS.—This preparation has the peculiar advantage of not only destroying every worm, but also of producing a healthy action of the stomach and other organs of digestion, thereby relieving many complaints arising from a derangement of the digestive organs. Although prompt and certain in its operation, and not unpleasant to the taste, it is perfectly safe and adapted to the tenderest age.

RICHMOND, Va., May 13th, 1844.

Acting as Agent for Dr. Peery's Vermifuge, for the past twelve months, during which time I have sold some thousands or more bottles at retail, I take pleasure in saying, that I have yet to learn of a single case where it has proved ineffectual, to the contrary: hundreds of our most respectable citizens have repeatedly volunteered their certificates in testimony of its unrivalled superiority over all other Vermifuges.

S. E. DOVE, Druggist, Main st.

Price 25 cents per vial.

Prepared by DR. H. F. PEERY, and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton street, New York.

Sold also by WM. SHAW, Wilmington, N. C. and by Druggists generally throughout the United States.

DR. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.—The extraordinary success attending the use of this medicine in diseases of the lungs, and the many singular cures it has effected, having naturally attracted the attention of many physicians, as well as the whole fraternity of quacks, various conjectures and surmises have arisen respecting its composition; some physicians have supposed it to contain iodine, other ignorant pretenders say it must contain mercury, and to some such substance they each attribute its singular efficacy. As such opinions are altogether erroneous, and calculated to prejudice many persons against it, we PLEDGE OUR HONOR that it contains nothing of this kind, or anything the least injurious; on the contrary, it is composed of the most simple substances, the principals of which are the extracts of tar and wild cherry bark, and the whole secret of its efficacy consists in the mode by which they are prepared.

None genuine, unless signed I. Butts on the wrapper.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by WM. SHAW, Wilmington, and by Druggists generally in North Carolina.

*Indigestion, Weak Nerves, Lowness of Spirits, &c.*—*Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* are a natural, and therefore a certain cure for all kinds of nervous diseases; because they completely cleanse the stomach and bowels of those billious and corrupt humors which not only paralyze and weaken the digestive organs, but are the cause of weak nerves, low spirits, &c. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are also a direct purifier of the blood, therefore not only impart health and cheerfullness to the mind, but also give new life and vigor to the whole frame.

Beware of Counterfeits of all kinds! Some are coated with sugar; others are made to resemble in outward appearance the original medicine.—The safest course is, to purchase of the regular agents only, one or more of whom may be found in every village and town in the State. Principal Office, 169 Race street.

For sale in Wilmington, N C, by George R. French and James W. Johnson, only Agents.


### DIED.

In this town, at half past 3 o'clock, on Wednesday morning last, Mrs. Augusta Drane, wife of Rev. Dr. Drane, Rector of St. James Parish.

In Raleigh, on the 24th ult., Thomas D. Bennehan, Esq., of Orange county, aged 65 years.

In Louisburg, Mr. Robert J. Shaw, merchant, aged 47, a native of England.

In Stokes county, Mr. John Henry Bitting.

### MARINE LIST.
### PORT OF WILMINGTON.

ARRIVED.

July 2—Bremen Barque Diamant, Miller, New York, to DeRosset, Brown & Co.
Brig Dameroove, Knight, New York, to G. W. Davis.
Brig Samuel Potter, Barry, New York, to DeRosset, Brown & Co.
Brig General Marion, Linscott, N. Y., to G. W. Davis.
Brig J. A. Lancaster, Loveland, New York, to E. J. Lutterloh.
Schr. A. J. DeRosset, Rollick, N. Y., to R. W. Brown.
Schr. R. W. Brown, Francis, N. Y., do. do.
Schr. Harrison Price, Beaston, New York, to E. J. Lutterloh.
Schr. Patmos, Townsend, Philadel., to E. J. Lutterloh.
Schr. C. P. Brown, Doughty, N. Y., to do. do.
Schr. Ellen Sedgwick, Beaston, N. Y., to G. W. Davis
Schr. Joseph Lybrand, Teal, Philad., to do. do.
Schr. Thomas P. Cooper, Oram, New York, to Barry & Bryant.
Schr. Samuel R. Jackson, Higgins, Tampico, to Barry & Bryant.
Schr. Abdel Kader, Atkins, N. York, to E. J. Lutterloh.
Schr. Sarah Elizabeth, Somers, Philad., to C. D. Ellis.
Schr. Spartan, Lee, Tampico, to Barry & Bryant.
3—Schr. John Tyler, Knowles, Boston, to Barry & Bryant.
4—Brig Potomac, Gorham, Boston, to Barry & Bryant.
Brig Belle, Myers, New York, to G. W. Davis.
Brig Louis Walsh, Cousins, New York, to G. W. Davis.
Schr. Azof, Cooke, Boston, to do. do.
Schr. J. E. Potts, Arrance, Phila, to do. do.
Schr. Fidelia, Turner, New York, to do. do.
Schr. Pearl, Moore, Onslow county, to do. do.
5—Brig Boundary, Johnson, Alexandria, Va., to E. Dickinson.
Schr. Jonas Smith, Nichols, N. York, to R. W. Brown.
6—Brig Sea Flower, Crowell, Philadelphia, to Barry & Bryant.

CLEARED.

July 1—Schr. Robert Bruce, Johnson, Boston, by Potter & Kidder.
2—brig Hudson, Richardson, Boston, by Potter & Kidder.
5—Brig Susan, Soapley, Berbice, by V. B. Giles & Co.
6—Schr. C. P. Brown, Doughty, for Boston, by E. J. Lutterloh.
Schr. Pearl, Moore, for Jacksonville, by G. W. Davis.
7—Schr. Ellen Sedgwick, Beaston, Philadelphia, by G. W. Davis.
Schr. Leesburg, Boon, Philadelphia, by DeRosset, Brown & Co.
Schr. R. W. Brown, Francis, N. Y., by R. W. Brown.
Schr. Thorn, Wainwright, N. Y., by W. O. Jeffreys.


## A CARD.

### DRESS-MAKING.

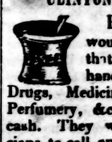
MRS. C. M. PRICE would respectfully return her sincere thanks to the Ladies of Wilmington and the surrounding country for the liberal patronage which they have hitherto bestowed upon her. She would beg to inform them that she still continues the DRESS-MAKING BUSINESS, and solicits a continuance of the custom which she has heretofore received. She would refer those who wish articles of DRESS made up, to her old customers. For the durability and neatness of her work, she is perfectly willing to abide by their judgment.

Residence over the "Journal" office; entrance 2d door, corner building, Princess Street, opposite the Bank of the State.

Wilmington, N. C., July 9th, 1847.—[43tf

## NEW DRUG STORE.

### SHAW & GARDNER,
### *Druggists & Apothecaries,*
### CLINTON, SAMPSON COUNTY, N. C.,



HAVING located in Clinton, would respectfully inform the public that they will keep constantly on hand a general assortment of fresh Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, &c., which they will sell low for cash. They would respectfully request Physicians to call and examine their stock. All orders or prescriptions executed with accuracy and promptness.

July 9, 1847—[43-6m

## IRISH POTATOES.

10 BBLS. fine new crop Potatoes, at
[39] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.


## WILMINGTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *BACON—Per pound.* | | | |
| *Hams,* | | | |
| *Middlings,* | | | |
| *Shoulders,* | | | |
| *Hog round,* | | | |
| *Western,* | none | | |
| *BEANS—Per bushel—White,* | 1 2 | a | 00 |
| *BEESWAX—Per pound,* | 22 | a | 25 |
| *BUTTER—Per pound,* | 14 | a | 20 |
| *BEEF—Per barrel.* | | | |
| *Northern—Mess,* | 13 00 | a | 14 — |
| *Do Prime,* | 9 00 | a | 12 00 |
| *CORN—Per bushel,* | 95 | a | 1 00 |
| *Meal,* | | a | 1 10 |
| *COFFEE—Per pound,* | 8 | a | 9 |
| *COTTON—Per pound,* | 8½ | a | 11 |
| *CANDLES—Tallow—per pound* | 11 | a | 13 |
| *Sperm,* | 20 | a | 31 |
| *Alumantine,* | 25 | a | 28 |
| *FEATHERS—Per pound,* | 30 | a | 33 |
| *FLOUR—Canal—Per barrel,* | 9 00 | a | 9 25 |
| *Fayetteville,* | 7 50 | a | 8 00 |
| *HAY—Northern—Per 100 pounds,* | 65 | a | 80 |
| *IRON—Per pound,* | 4½ | a | 5½ |
| *LARD—Per pound, N. C.* | 11 | a | 11½ |
| *Western,* | 00 | a | a |
| *LIME—Thomaston—Per barrel* | | a | 1 00 |
| *LUMBER—River—Per M.* | | | |
| *Flooring Boards,* | 8 00 | a | 8 50 |
| *Wide, do.* | 5 00 | a | 5 50 |
| *Scantling,* | 4 00 | a | |
| *Tyson's Mill,* | 5 25 | a | 7 00 |
| *Shipping Timber.* | 8 00 | a | 10 00 |
| *MOLASSES—West Indies,* | — | a | 27 |
| *MACKEREL—Per barrel.* | | | |
| *No. 1,* | 13 — | a | 14 — |
| *No. 2,* | 7 50 | a | 8 50 |
| *No. 3,* | 4 — | a | — |
| *NAILS—Per pound,* | 4½ | a | 5 |
| *NAVAL STORES—Per barrel—320 pounds.* | | | |
| *Yellow Dip Turpentine,* | 2 20 | a | 2 25 |
| *Virgin Dip,* | 2 50 | a | 2 60 |
| *Hard—* | 1 05 | | 1 10 |
| *Tar,* | 1 85 | a | |
| *Pitch,* | 90 | a | 95 |
| *Rosin—No. 1,* | 1 — | a | — |
| *No 2,* | 50 | a | — |
| *No. 3,* | 20 | a | 22 |
| *Spirits Turpentine,* | 30 | a | 32 |
| *OIL—Sperm—Per gallon,* | — | a | 1 — |
| *PEAS—Ground—Per bushel,* | nom. | a | |
| *Black Eye,* | 85 | a | 90 |
| *Cow,* | 1 00 | a | 1 01½ |
| *PORK—Per barrel.* | | | |
| *Northern Mess,* | — 00 | a | 20 00 |
| *Prime,* | — 00 | a | 18 00 |
| *Fresh,* | 0 — | a | 0 00 |
| *RICE—Per 100 pounds,* | 4 50 | a | 5 00 |
| *Rough—Per bushel,* | 1 00 | a | 1 10 |
| *SALT—Per bushel.* | | | |
| *Turks Island,* | 30 | a | 35 |
| *Liverpool—sack,* | 1 25 | a | 1 40 |
| *SOAP—Per pound,* | 4 | a | 5 |
| *SHINGLES—Per M.* | | | |
| *Country,* | 2 75 | a | 2 87½ |
| *Contract,* | 4 — | a | 5 — |
| *SPIRITS—Per gallon.* | | | |
| *Northern Rum,* | 33 | a | 34 |
| *Gin,* | | a | |
| *Whiskey,* | 34 | a | 37 |
| *Apple Brandy,* | 40 | a | 42 |
| *STEEL—Per pound,* | 12½ | a | 25 |
| *STAVES—Per M.* | | | |
| *White Oak barrels—rough,* | 10 — | a | 16 — |
| *Dressed,* | — — | a | — — |
| *Red Oak Hogshead—rough* | — | a | — |
| *Dressed,* | 8 00 | a | 10 — |
| *SUGAR—Per pound.* | | | |
| *West India,* | 8½ | a | 9½ |
| *New-

## From LIST OF LETTERS,

REMAINING in the Post Office at Wilmington, on the 30th of June, 1847.

Those whose names appear on this list, are requested to ask for advertised Letters.

**A.**

Allen, Stanton
Atkinson, A
Armstrong, Alfred
Atkinson, Samuel
Arnet, James
Abrahams, M

**B.**

Bulard, G W
Bear, M 2
Bailey, L C 3
Brown, Elizabeth
Bell, C N
Brown, miss Mary
Bedsole, John R
Brantly, Jacob
Bowden, I H
Burriss, John H
Bull, Edmund
Brandreth, B
Berhun, A
Blake. mrs M
Baker, H
Brockett, E
Bosh, James
Brister, James C
Battle, Rev A J 2
Brinkley, J W
Benson, E
Blount, Thomas H
Brinson L
Bowen, O L 2
Burnett, Ellen
Birt, mrs Mary Jane
Bryan, mrs Mary A 2
Brice, H H
Batten, C
Bryant, Thomas

**C.**

Cashlile, miss T E
Curtis, George F
Cressman, Jacob W
Childress, W H
Cambell, Thomas S
Curtis, Melvina 2
Cleaves, J D
Coombs, W R
Cowan, Thos H
Collins, miss Susan
Conner, mrs Mary C
Canady, Richard
Costin, James
Conekin, John
Crowell, C R
Canady, John W
Collins, Morris C
Craig, Chas
Conner, Lt
Cockrain, Chas
Clark, Capt W S, U S Army, 7th Infantry.

**D**

Daviss, Charles 2
Durstan, Rev J C
Denis, W L
Due, N
Dearce, H J
Daviss, Albert
Drummond, James
Dudley, C H

**E**

Evans, J
Ennis, C
Emery, J
Ellington, Creed A

**F**

Foy, A B
Foy, F D
Foy, E H
Fail, N
Freshwater, Wm

**G.**

Goodhues, mrs M E
Goldsmith, Theodore
Griswold, James
Gray, W P
Grant, B L
Gause & Smith,
Grant, A
Garrison, L C

**H.**

Heir, J C
Hathaway, capt Eli
Hood, B
Hughn, John C
Henry, mrs Jane
Howard, miss Sarah J
Howard, John
Holdridge, Jeremiah 2
Hansley, Evan
Hunt, James
Harold, capt C W
Henoir, M
Hunt, W B
Holmes, mrs Eliza
Hall, John
Harriss, Lewis
Holmes, Dr
Holmes, E T
Harget, John
Hart, miss Mary A
Hill, miss A M 2
Hill, miss E N 2
Hill, miss Eliza

**I & J**

Ivy, Stewart P
Ivings, William
Irlan, H
Johnson, miss A
Johnson, Frank
Johnson, E 2
Johnston, Robert
Jones, J T

**K.**

Kellog, Wm
Keith, Willie
King & Curtis.

**L.**

Linscott, capt George
Liddon, Thomas
Lenoir, B F
Lakin, James R
Laurice, A 3
Liddon, W B
Lucas, James
Lindsey, James
Latham, mrs Mary A
Leighton, George F B
Leighton & Chadburn,
Laspeyre, miss Harriet

**M**

Maultsby, D F
Marshall, mrs C
Miller, miss N
Mataw, Isham
Maberey, A
McFarland, D
Marines, Archibald
Meegine, James W 3
Marines, mrs Mary C
Murray, Asa J
Mations, J
Mosely, Sarah 2
McGee, Dr
Mercer, C
Moore, George
Moslander, capt F L
Mooring, H L
Martin, capt J
McNeil, mrs J
McKenney, C P

**O.**

Orren, capt H
Ohiloff, Harman

**P.**

Perry, Calvin
Piner, Mary A 2
Pridgeon, C
Peacock, Lawrence
Phinny, C J
Phinney, H H
Parker, miss D
Price, John
Pickett, miss E J
Potter, C D
Peirce, Peter
Probase, John
Paul, R C
Padrick, Wm

**R**

Reigle, Jesse 5
Risin, mrs Elizabeth
Robbins, capt W A
Radcliff, mrs Elizabeth
Richardson, John E
Ridder. J J
Rue, Edward

**S**

Strickland, miss Mary J
Sloman, E
Smith, John 2
Staoland, Jacob 2
Squiggins, W J
Sellars, R L
Sholar, mrs M J
Shaw, mrs Volantine
Smith, Eliza
Strout, William
Skipper, John
Smith, George R
Suggs, James N

**T**

Thayer, Charles
Thomas, James
Taylor, E W 2
Taylor, Wm 2
Tharp, mrs Ann
Tucker, Henry
Toomer, miss Penelope
Taylor, Joseph
Triss, B
Thompson, Smith & Co.

**U & V**

Utly, A B
Urmy, capt J, U S Army,
Vernon, Edward

**W**

Wales, L C
Walker, Samuel C
Walper, miss L
Wood, Jonathan
Waddle, mrs M A
Winters, miss C
Williams, H
Winslow, J S
Williams, E D
Wilkings, J B
Whitfield, W A
Whitfield, L H
Wallace miss Mary

WM. C. bETTENCOURT, P. M.

July 2, 1847—[42-3t


## Sash, Blind and Door Agency.

THE SUBSCRIBER is agent for an excellent manufactory in New Ark, and is prepared to receive orders in the above line, which will be promptly filled.

Just received by late arrivals, a quantity of 8, 12, 15, and 18 lights 8 by 10 and 10 by 12 glazed Sashes, also, 12 lights 10 by 14, and some Sashes, unglazed 18 lights 8 by 10, and two cases Doors, moulded one side, 1¼ inch thick, 6 feet 10 by 2 feet, and 6 feet 8 by 2 feet 8—all for sale low, in any quantity. P. W. FANNING,

Next door South of Mr Hoard's.

June 25, 1847. 41-tf

## Just Received.

75 bbls. superfine Flour,
40 " fine do
20 " cross do
300 N. C. Bacon Hams,
300 " " Sides,
300 " " Shoulders.

For sale in lots or at retail, for cash, by

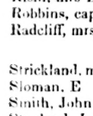
June 25.] McKELLAR & McRAE.

## Wanted.

A GOOD TAILOR, at Jacksonville, Onslow county. One of steady habits would receive the patronage of MANY CITIZENS.

Jacksonville, June 19th, 1847. 41-2m

## For Sale.



THE FOUR STORY BRICK tenement, now occupied by Dr. Dickson, on the South side of Market street, together with the Office underneath, occupied by Thomas Miller, Esq.

Also, an unimproved Lot, in Quince's Alley.

Terms, 6 or 12 months credit, with approved securities. WM. D. COWAN.

June 25, 1847. 41-tf

## FOR SALE.

100 SUPERIOR Hams, and 5 barrels Lard, by

June 25] HOWARD & PEDEN.

## MARBLE MONUMENTS And Grave Stone Agency.

THE subscribers are appointed Agents for one of the *best* and *most extensive* MARBLE YARDS in Connecticut, and will receive orders for Marble Monuments or Grave Stones, either lettered or not, which will be furnished at the shortest notice and most reasonable prices.

We have received a variety of patterns, various styles with the prices, which may be examined at any time. J. C. & R. B. WOOD,

*Builders and Contractors.*

June 18, 1847 40-tf

## BUFFALO SPRING,

MECKLENBURG CO., VA.

THIS Establishmen will be open for the reception of visitors on the first of June.

In addition to some general improvement rendering the cabins more pleasent and agreeable, a good Billiard room has been built, and a splendid Table provided for the amusement of the company.

*The music* is as good as any in the State.

A. & F. W. Boyd's line of Stages from Ridgeway depot, on the Raleigh and Gaston Rail Road, to Halifax Court House, Va., will run by the Springs every day except Sunday: leaving Ridgeway every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, reaching Buffalo by 10 o' clock, A. M., leaving Halifax Court House Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and arrive at the Springs at 8 o'clock A. M. With these facilities, the proprietor hopes and expects an increased number of visitors.

DAVID SHELTON.

June 18, 1847 40-4t.

## ANNIVERSARY of ROCK SPRING TENT No. 180, I. O. OF R.

☞THE celebration of the First Anniversary of Rock Spring Tent will take place on Saturday, the 10th day of July. At 10 o'clock, A. M., a procession will be formed before the Tent Room, on Market street, under the direction of Bro. Thos. H. Fields, Marshal of the day. After marching through the principal streets, the procession will proceed to the Methodist Protestant Church, where an appropriate Address will be delivered by the Rev. Mr. JONES, a member of the Order.

We cordially invite the citizens one and all to attend on that occasion—that every one may see that something good can come out of Nazareth.

N. B.—A full attendants of the members is particularly requested. Show yourselves, Rechabites! and let it be a day that will long be remembered.

By order of the Tent.

JAMES H. SMITH, } Com'tee of
WM. W. PRICE, } Ar'ments.

June 11, 1847 39-3t.

## $75 REWARD.

RANAWAY from my plantation in Duplin county sometime in June last, my negro man

**BILL.**

He is about 5 feet 10 inches high, stout built, dark complexion, and walks a little cramped, from having had his toes injured by frost, has a pleasant look when spoken to, and is a blacksmith by trade. Said boy was raised in Jones county, where I think he is lurking, and probably harbored. He is also acquainted in the counties of Duplin and Onslow, and has been outlawed.

I will give the above reward for his apprehension and confinement in any Jail within the State, so that I can get him again.

LUTHER WRIGHT.

Duplin co., Nov'r 27, 1846 11-tf

## Notice to Dealers in TURPENTINE & TAR.

WILMINGTON June 1, 1847.

THE undersigned, purchasers and dealers in Naval Stores in this place, with a view to adopt some general regulations which seem to them to be founded in justice, and more in accordance with the customs of other markets, have agreed to establish for their future government, the following

REGULATIONS.

That as no good reason is apparent to them for changing the size and weight of barrels of Turpentine, and it would perhaps be productive of inconvenience to the makers, it will be purchased as heretofore, the gross weight of the barrel to be 320 lbs., or 260 lbs. net; the turpentine to be delivered on the yard for inspection at the expense of the seller; and as there has been in many cases, an unjust inequality, in fixing upon the amount of Extra, and whereas the law prescribes what the order of turpentine shall be, when exposed for sale, with out proscribing any remedy in case it is not in said order, we therefore agree that hereafter a deduction shall be made under the denomination of extra cooperage as follows; For scuttling, packing, &c., one cent per barrel, for the first two hoops that may be lacking short of twelve as prescribed by law, one cent each, and for each hoop less than ten that may be short, two cents each, also what other labor may be necessary to put it in the order the law prescribes to be adjudged by the Inspectors, together with the usual dedutions for unmurchantable barrels exceeding the number taken to pack. Purchases made at the Rail Road Depot will be subject to a deduction of two cents per bbl. drayage, thereby placing the sellers per Rail Road on a footing with those by water. These regulations to apply to Tar, only so far as regards expense of rolling, draying and inspection. The custom adopted in reference to the condition of the barrels it is supposed must be free from all objection, as turpentine put up in perfect order will only be subject to a deduction of one cent per bbl. instead of the former rates of extra.

We also agree that in future we shall refuse to compromise for fraudulent mixture as heretofore, that we deem chips, straw, billets of wood, limbs, dirt, &c., as a fraudulent mixture, and that we shall abide by the strict letter of the law in all such cases. And whereas it appears that the Inspectors do not consider themselves authorized to make bills otherwise than as prescribed by law, that we will in all cases, purchase by the bbl, of 320 lbs. and allow the Inspector to make his bill as the law directs 280 lbs. but that there shall be deducted from the bill one eighth of the amount.

| | |
|---|---|
| W. O. JEFFREYS, | A. H. VAN BOKELIN, |
| JOHN McRAE, | H. NUTT, |
| A. MARTIN, | B. FLANNER, |
| W. LATIMER, | W. J. LOVE. Jr. |
| JEWETT & CO., | R. C. HALLETT, |
| BARRY & BRYANT, | B. HALLETT, |
| JNO. CHRISTIAN, | R. G. RANKIN, |
| HALL & ARMSTRONG, | C. D. ELLIS. 39-tf |

## Wilmington Hotel.

THE undersigned respectfully informs the Public that he will be ready to receive Boarders, at the WILMINGTON HOTEL, formerly kept by Thomas F. King & Co., as the Planter's Hotel, the 25th of this month. He begs leave to inform those who may feel disposed to call upon him, that no pains will be spared by him or his Lady, to make it a comfortable house for either monthly, weekly, or daily boarders, as his whole attention will be paid to the house. The table will be furnished with the best the market affords. SAMUEL J. PERRY,

Wilmington Hotel, near the R. Road Depot,

May 14, 1847.—[12m] [Market Street.

## Store and Dwelling House FOR SALE.

THE UNDERSIGNED is desirous of closing up his business at Strickland's Depot, Duplin county, N. C., and therefore offers his premises for sale. It is well known to be an excellent location—the very best on the Wilmington and Raleigh Rail Road, and offers a desirable opportunity for any person wishing to engage in a safe and profitable business. The Store is 25 by 40 feet, well arranged internally, and fronts on both the County Road and the Rail Road. The Dwelling House is new and well finished, one story, 26 by 32 feet, built in the Cottage style, containing five rooms; there is all the out-houses and improvements needed on the lot, which contains one and three-quarter acres. I deem this slight description sufficient as those desirous of purchasing, it is hoped, will view the premises themselves. It is the most healthy location in this section of the State, and presents, in all respects, a most desirable opportunity for investment and a permanent profitable business. All persons indebted to me by note or book account, are requested to settle without delay. The Stock of Goods now on hand will be sold at greatly reduced prices, for CASH.

WM. A. GWYER.

Strickland's Depot, Duplin co., N. C., }
May 7th, 1847. } 34-tf

## Spring and Summer Medicine.

**Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla.**

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY MEDICINE IN the world.—This extract is put up in quart bottles; it is six times cheaper, pleasanter, and warranted superior to any sold. It cures diseases without vomiting, purging, sickening, or debilitating the patient.

The great beauty and superiority of this Sarsaparilla over all other remedies is, while it eradicates disease, it invigorates the body.

IT HAS PERFORMED MORE THAN 15,000 CURES THIS YEAR.

1,000 cures of Rheumatism.
1,000 cures of Dyspepsia:
2 500 cures of general debility, and want of nervous energy;
3,000 Female complaints and over;
7,000 cures of diseases of the blood, viz:

Ulcers, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Pimples on the face, &c. &c., together with numerous cases of consumption, Liver Complaint, Spinal Affections, &c. This, we are aware, must appear incredible, but we have letters from physicians and our Agents from all parts of the United States, informing us of extraordinary cures. R. Van Buskirk, Esq., one of the most respectable druggists in Newark, New Jersey, informs us that he can refer to more than one hundred and fifty cases in that place alone. There are thousands of cases in the City of New York, which we will refer to with pleasure, and to men of character well known.

UNITED STATES OFFICER.—Capt. G. W. McLean, member of the New Jersey Legislature, late of the United States Navy, has kindly sent us the following certificate. It tells its own story:

Rahway, January 25, 1847.

A year since I was taken with the influenza and my whole system left in a debilitated state. I was induced to try Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and after taking two or three bottles I was very much relieved, and attributed it entirely to the said Sarsaparilla. I have continued taking it, and find that I improve every day. I believe it saved my life, and would not be without it under any consideration. —— G. W. McLEAN.

THE EDITOR—John Jackson, Esq., Editor of the Rahway Republican, published the above certificate, and remarked in an editorial as follows:

The success of Dr. Townsend's preparation of Sarsaparilla appears to be of the most extraordinary character. We publish to-day two certificates in its behalf, one from Capt. McLean, of this town, and one from Rev. Mr. White, of Staten Island, a gentlemsn well known in Rahway.—Capt. McLean believes the medicine to have saved his life, and Mr. White seems to entertain an equally strong confidence in its efficacy. Intelligent men like these would not praise so strongly what they did not fully believe to deserve it.

SCROFULA CURED.—This certificate was handed in to Dr. Townsend's office this week, and conclusively prove that his Sarsaparilla has perfect control over the most obstinate diseases of the blood. Three persons cured in one house is unprecedented.

THREE CHILDREN.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: I have the pleasure to inform you that three of my children have been cured of the Scrofula by the use of your excellent medicine. They were afflicted very severely with bad sores; have taken only four bottles; it took them away, for which I feel myself under deep obligation. Yours respectfully,

ISAAC W. CRAIN, 106 Wooster street.

New York, March 1, 1847.

RHEUMATISM & THE PILES.

September 10, 1846.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: My wife has been for several years afflicted with rheumatism. She has tried many different remedies to obtain some relief, but all to no purpose. She was finally induced, by seeing your advertisement, to give your Sarsaparilla a trial. We procured some of it from your agent (Mr. Van Buskirk) and it gives me pleasure to state that after using it she experienced great relief, and was in a very short time perfectly cured. I was also (together with a man in my employ) badly troubled with piles, and by using a small quantity of your Sarsaparilla, our complaint was completely cured. I consider it one of the best of medicines, and would advise all who are afflicted to give it a trial.

GARRIT GARRABRANT,
—— 123 Market-st, Newark.

*Clergymen and Physicians.—As well as thousands* of others in all parts of the United States, are continually sending certificates and informing us of the benefits derived from Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla.

Dr. Townsend—Sir: Some time since you requested my opinion of the virtues of your compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla; I am now prepared to give it. I have used it in my practice and prescribed it for the last few months, and must give it my decided preference over anything of the kind with which I am acquainted, both as to its medical virtues and the reasonable price at which you sell it. In scrofulous affections, cutaneous eruptions generally, dyspepsia, indigestion, costive habits, and liver complaints, I am much pleased with its effects. In these complaints, or any other where scrofula is indicated, I can with confidence recommend it to the patronage of the profession as a valuable auxiliary for removing diseases in some of its most troublesome forms, and to all, as a safe and valuable medicine.

Brooklyn, Nov. 21, 1846. BENJ. WEEKS, M. D.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: Having for some time past been afflicted with a pulmonary affection on my lungs, and a continual pain in my side, owing to evening exposure in travelling after preaching, and finding my disease to increase, with much difficulty of breathing and other alarming symptoms, I was advised by a clergyman, a friend of mine, to try your celebrated Sarsaparilla. I did so, and after taking two or three bottles I found myself relieved. My appetite has been restored. I find myself much stronger, and hope very soon to resume my usual duties. I have been so greatly benefitted by your excellent medicine, I feel it my duty to make known the facts for the benefit of others who may be laboring under the same difficulties that I have been for some time past. Yours, respectfully, SAM. WHITE,

Nov. 22, 1846.] Pastor of Baptist Church, Staten Island.

ALMOST A MIRACLE.

*Read the following*, and doubt if you can, that consumption cannot be cured. This is only one of the several hundred cases that Townsend's Sarsaparilla has cured: Brooklyn, Sept. 14, 1840.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: I was taken, a little over a year ago, with a severe cough and a pain in my side. It increased on me very fast, indeed. I was pronounced by physicians to have the quick consumption. I raised large quantities of bad matter, had night sweats, and sinking very fast: my doctor said he could do nothing for me. I went into the hospital in hope of being benefitted, but was pronounced there as incurable. I was now greatly distressed at the lungs and could hardly breathe; I soon became emaciated, and expected to die; was confined to my bed, and was obliged to have watchers; indeed I cannot give you any description that would do justice to my case. I was supposed by my friends to be past recovery; I had tried a great number of remedies, and all seemed to be to no purpose. I read of some most extrordinary cures performed by your medicine, and to tell you the truth, I suspected there was some humbug in them. But I was induced to try it; I did so, and am very thankful I did. I cannot say that I am entirely well, but am so far recovered as to be about my business, and hope to be entirely well in a few weeks. My cough and pain in the side, and night sweats have left me, and raise but very little, and am fast gaining my usual strength. I felt it a duty to give you a statement of my case, to publish if you please.

PETER BROWN, 47 Little-street, Brooklyn.

GREAT FEMALE MEDICINE.

Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla is sovereign and speedy cure for incipient consumption, barrenness, leucorrhœa, or whites, obstructed or difficult menstruation, incontinence of urine, or involuntary discharge thereof, and for the general prostration of the system—no matter whether the result of the inherent causes, or produced by irregularity, illness or accident.

Nothing can be more surprising than its invigorating effects upon the human frame. Persons all weakness and lassitude before taking it, at once become robust and full of energy under its influence. It immediately counteracts the nervelessness of the female frame, which is the great cause of barrenness.

It will not be expected of us, in cases of so delicate a nature, to exhibit certificates of cures performed, but we can assure the afflicted that hundreds of cases have been reported to us. Several cases where families have been without children, after using a few bottles of this invaluable medicine, have been blessed with healthy offsprings.

Dr. Townsend: My wife being greatly distressed by weakness and general debility, and suffering continually by pain and a sensation of bearing down, falling of the womb, and with other difficulties, and having known cases where your medicine has effected great cures, and also hearing it recommended for such cases as I have described, I obtained a bottle of Extract of Sarsaparilla, and followed the directions you gave me. In a short time it removed her complaints and restored her to health. Being grateful for the benefits she received, I take pleasure in thus acknowledging it, & recommending it to the public. M. D. MOORE, cor of Grand and Lydius-st.

Albany, Aug. 17, 1844.

Dr. Townsend.—To all whom this may concern: This is to certify, that my wife used one bottle of your Sarsaparilla previous to her confinement, under the most alarming and delicate circumstances, being troubled with the dropsy, swelling of the feet, nervous affections, and very much debilitated. With my persuasion, and the recommendation of those who had used it, she was induced to try it, with little or no faith; and suffice it to say, the medicine had the happy and desired effect, not only in the hours of confinement, but after the expiration of one week of its use, the dropsy and nervous affection gave way to an astonishing degree, and her health is now better than it had been for a long time previous.

If this will be of any service to you, or any who doubts the success of the medicine, you are entirely welcome to it. I subscribe myself your most obedient and obliged servant, S. S. JAMESON.

OPINIONS OF PHYSICIANS.

Dr. Townsend is almost daily receiving orders from physicians in different parts of the Union.

This is to certify that we, the undersigned physicians of the city of Albany, have in numerous cases prescribed Dr. Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and believe it to be one of the most valuable preparations of the Sarsaparilla in the market.

H. P. Pulling, M. D.; J. Wilson, M. D.; R. B. Briggs, M. D.; P. E. Elmendorf, M. D.

Albany, April 1, 1845.

The following is from one of the most respectable physicians on Long Island: Greenport, July 10, 1846.

Dr. Townsend—Dear Sir: It is with satisfaction that I say to you, that I have recently witnessed, in several cases the most beneficial results from your Extract of Sarsaparilla Being engaged in the practice of medicine, I have prescribed it in several cases, and never without benefit. In the removal of diseases arising from a deranged state of the digestive organs, jaundice, &c., it far exceeds anything of the kind ever before offered to the public. You will please send me two dozen, &c. &c. Respectfully yours, S. C. PRESTON, M. D.

Principal office, 126 Fulton-st, Sun Building, N. Y.; Redding & Co. 8 State-st., Boston; Dr. Dyott & Sons, 132 North Second-st., Philadelphia; S. S. Hance, druggist, Baltimore; Duval & Co., Richmond; P. M. Cohen, Charleston; Wright & Co., 151 Charter-st, New Orleans; and by principal druggists generally throughout the United States, West Indies and the Canadas.

☞For sale, wholesale and retail, by

WM. SHAW, Druggist, Wilmington, N. C.

None genuine, unless put up in the large square bottles, which contain a quart, and signed with the written signature of S. P. TOWNSEND, and his name blown on the glass. 38-12m

## Negroes Wanted.

I WISH to purchase a large number of NEGROES of both sexes, from the age of 14 to 30, for which I will pay the highest cash market price. As I intend making a long stay in Wilmington for that purpose, persons from the country would find it to their advantage to bring such slave property to town, as they have to dispose of.

Also wanted, some good Carpenters, Blacksmiths, Coopers, and Bricklayers.

Apply to me, at the Carolina Hotel.

ANSLEY DAVIS, of Petersburg, Va.

Wilmington, May 7, 1847. 34-tf

WHISKEY.—23 barrels rectified Whiskey. For sale at HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

NEW GOSHEN BUTTER—Families can be supplied with fresh Butter every week, at

[J4] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

HAY—50 bales, for sale at

[J4] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

## CHARLES GRAY,

SUCCESSOR TO

## CHARLES BLAKESLEE.

HAVING purchased the stock of C. BLAKESLEE, the subscriber will continue the sale and manufacture of

## BOOTS & SHOES,

and keep constantly on hand every variety of articles in his line.

All orders for work promptly and punctually attended to. BOOTS made in the latest fashion and finest style.

BOOTS and SHOES neatly repaired.

June 4, 1847—y. CHAS. GRAY.

SUGAR—A fresh supply of Crushed, Powdered, Loaf, and St. Croix Sugars, at

[J4] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

WINES AND BRANDIES—Madeira, Port, Claret, Scupernong, Malaga and Sherry, at

[J4] HOWARD & PEDEN'S.

## MERCHANT TAILORING.

THE SUBSCRIBER has received his supply of Spring and Summer GOODS, consisting of the following:

Black French Cloths; Fancy colored do.; black Doeskin Cassimeres; fancy French do.; black and white embroidered Vest Shapes; fancy colored Vestings, black and colored; Cashmeretts; Drap d'Ete; Queen's Cloth; white and fancy colored Linen Drills; checked Ginghams; Gambroons, &c.

Also; an excellent assortment of READY-MADE CLOTHING, among which are superfine black dress and frock Coats; fancy colored do.; black Cassimere Pants; fancy do. do.; black Satin Vests, plain and figured; fancy colored do. do.; white and colored Marseilles; Tweed and cotton Sack Coats.

He would solicit the attention of the public to his assortment of Goods in the

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING LINE,

Manufactured expressly for the Spring and Summer season, among which are: STOCKS, silk, satin, bombazine, all styles and qualities; *Opera Ties*, plain and fancy, light and dark colors; *Cravats and Scarfs*, latest styles, a full assortment; *Suspenders*, silk and india rubber, with linen, to wash, an entirely new article; *Shirts, Bosoms & Collars*, of every style and quality; *Under Shirts and Drawers*, silk, cotton, woollen, lisle, thread, Merino, &c. &c.; *Gloves*, black, white and colored, kid, silk, cotton, lisle, thread, of the best manufacture; *Hosiery* silk, cotton, linen and merino; *Handkerchiefs*, plain and twilled, India, sinchew, pongee, plain and fancy linen cambric; *Umbrellas*, silk, gingham and cotton. All of which will be sold unusually cheap. CHAS. BARR.

N. B.—All sales of Ready-made clothing will be considered as cash; the usual credit will be given to custom work. C. B.

May 14th, 1847.

## NEW GOODS.

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS of every style and quality, suited to a complete Merchant Tailoring Establishment, to wit:

Superfine French Cloths and Cassimeres, of every shade and color; Vestings, in variety; French twilled d'Ete; silk Alpacas; light fancy Cassimeres, all of the latest style and best quality, which will be made up to order at the shortest notice.

READY-MADE CLOTHING.—A large and complete assortment of Ready-made clothing, just opened and for sale, very cheap for cash.

Also, the OUTFITTING DEPARTMENT is very complete, with the most choice assortment of *Fancy Goods*. Superior L. B. C. Shirts, of every variety and quality; silk Under Shirts and Drawers; superior fancy Cravats; Stocks; Collars; Bosoms; Umbrellas; all worthy the attention of those in want of them.

Customers in the habit of paying cash will find it to their interest to make it known, as in future I am determined to make it the interest of all who deal with me, to pay cash. Short credit will be given to punctual customers, and to none others.

Those who have not settled their accounts to the first of January, will save cost by immediately doing so. H. S. KELLY.

Wilmington, May 14, 1847.

## $50 REWARD.

RANAWAY from the subscriber, of Jones County, N. Carolina, negro man MORRIS, tolerably stout built, black, about 5½ ft. high, quick speech when spokon to. He is doubtless lurking about Panther Swamp, and on Lime Stone, in Duplin County, as he is well acquainted on Lime Stone, and has a wife on Panther Swamp, belonging to Doct. Graham, of Kenansville.

The above reward will be paid for his apprehension and delivery to me, or for his confinement in any Jail so that I get him.

An additional reward of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS will be paid for evidence sufficient to convict any white person of having harbored him.

WILLIAM P. WARD,
Near Trenton, Jones County.

May 14, 1847.—[35-tf

## FEMALE INSTITUTE, BEAUFORT, N. C.

THIS INSTITUTION will be opened on the first Monday in July next, under the superintendance of a gentleman eminently qualified to impart instruction, and to direct the studies of his pupils. He will be assisted by Ladies of the highest attainments, as Teachers. The French department will be in charge of a gentleman—a native of France—who has much celebrity as a teacher of that language. No pains nor expense will be spared to make this Institute a permanent and a superior school for the *Eastern portion* of North Carolina, in which students can receive a liberal and accomplished education.

Beaufort is a pleasant village, of some 1500 inhabitants, situated in full view of the Ocean, and much resorted to in the sickly season for health.

Tuition in the Scientific, Musical, French and Ornamental departments, with boarding, &c., will be on the most reasonable terms.

For further particulars inquire of J. F. JONES, I. RAMSEY, JAMES RUMLEY, or WM. S. LANGDON.

P. S.—Beaufort is 80 miles from Wilmington.

April 30, 1847—[33-1y

## To the Public.

I TAKE this method of informing the public that I now occupy the Livery Stables formerly occupied by Mr. H. R. NIXON, and solicit the patronage of the public generally. All persons who may favor me with a call, may rest assured that their horses will be promptly attended to, as I flatter myself that I have the best of Ostlers.

☞Also a large Lot for the accommodation of DROVERS.

W. T. J. VANN.

April 23d, 1847.—[32tr

SWEET OIL, English Mustard, Pepper, Ginger, Cinnamon, Nutmegs, Mace, &c., for sale low at the old stand Drug Store. W. SHAW.

SULPHATE OF QUININE.—125 oz. Sulphate Quinine, and a full assortment of Medicines, Drugs, Chemicals, &c. &c., just received at the old stand Drug Store.

The Subscriber flatters himself that he can sell on better terms than any other establishment in the place; it will certainly be to the interest of Physicians and country Merchants to inquire his reduced prices before purchasing. Having engaged a competent Druggist at the North to assist him in the business, Physicians may depend on the utmost accuracy in filling their orders, and every article will be warranted genuine. Medicines supplied at any hour of the night, and Physician's prescriptions accurately compounded.

Wilmington, May 14, 1847. WM. SHAW

LAND DEEDS, a new supply, just printed and for sale at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

PANAMA, LEGHORN AND PALM LEAF HATS.

JUST RECEIVED, a splended assortment, for sale at wholesale and retail very cheap.—County Merchant's are invited to examine our stock, which we will sell at New York prices.

MYERS & BARNUM,
*Market Street.*

March 12, 1847.

BLANKS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION FOR SALE.

## FRESH BEEF.

JAMES PETTEWAY

RESPECTFULLY announces to the citizens of Wilmington, that he keeps for sale at the Market-house, the best of

*FRESH MEATS,*

of every description, and he solicits a share of public patronage.

Hotels or families can have their purchases sent to their houses if desired.

DROVERS will please always give him a call before disposing of their live stock, as he will give the highest price the market will afford.

Jan'y 2, 1846 16-tf

## FRESH BEEF, PORK AND LAMB.

STALLS Nos. 2 & 4

THE subscriber not wishing to enter into a long detail, would merely state to the citizens of Wilmington, that he is now prepared to supply their tables with the best of

BEEF, PORK AND LAMB.

at the lowest prices. His arrangements are such as will warrant him in saying the *best*, for he will have that or none. Hotels or families can have the beef sent to their houses if they wish.

☞Drovers can have a ready sale for their cattle, by applying to me.

JOSEPH M. TILLY.

Oct. 19, 1845. 1-tf

## NEW CHEAP CASH STORE,

FIRST DOOR IN R. W. BROWN'S NEW BUILDINGS, ON FRONT STREET, A FEW DOORS FROM MARKET STREET.

THE subscribers beg leave to announce to the citizens of Wilmington and surrounding country, that they are now receiving a large and general supply of

## SPRING GOODS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Superfine Broad Cloths; | Bed Ticking and Apron Checks; |
| Bl'k & fancy Cassimeres; | Mens' Palm Leaf Hats; |
| Summer do | Boys' do do |
| Drab de Ete; | Musquito Nettings; |
| Plaid Drills; | Table & bird eye Diapers; |
| Slate Linens; | 8-4 brown damask do |
| Linen Checks, | 8-4 damask Table Cloth; |
| Persian Stripes; | Black and brown Shirting and Sheeting; |
| Striped Victoria Cord; | 30, 32, and 34 Scotch Ginghams; |
| London Drill; | A large supply of Looking Glasses; |
| Oregon Cord; | Silk & Cotton pocket Hdkfs. |
| Bl k Satin Cravats; | |
| Bl'k Satin cut Velvet & Marseilles Vesting; | |
| Irish Linens & Lawns; | |
| Cravats and Scarfs; | |
| Umbrellas; | |

*FOR LADIES WEAR.*

| | |
|---|---|
| Plain black Silk; | Swiss Mull and Book Muslin; |
| Colored, plain, & striped Silk; | Plaid & striped do |
| Bombazine, large supply; | Jaconet and Cambric; |
| Fancy summer prints; | Ladies col'd Kid Gloves; |
| Lawn Ginghams; | do do silk do |
| Eartston do | Grodnap Parasols; |
| Balzarine; | Fringed do |
| Colored Lawns; | Ginghams do |
| French Robes; | French Fans; |
| Large silk Shawls; | German silver Thimbles; |
| Borage Shawls; | Plated do do |
| do Scarfs; | Blue steel do |
| Ladies Silk Cravats; | Bl'k, white, brown and col'd Cotton Hose, |
| Col'd Florrene; | Misses' do do |
| Organde Muslin; | Mens' ½ do do |
| Muslin Shirts; | Corset Laces; |
| Black Silk Fringe; | Lace & Edgings, assort'd; |
| Col'd do do | Black & white English silk Hose; |
| Silk Buttons, for Ladies dresses; | do raw do |
| Bonnet & Cap Ribbons; | |
| Linen Cambric Hdkfs; | |

Together with a variety of other articles too numerous to mention; all of which, being purchased by the package at *reduced* prices, will be offered at uncommonly *low prices* for cash.

We would call the attention of country merchants to our stock, and solicit them to examine the same before purchasing elsewhere, as we feel confident that we can offer better bargains than they ever had offered in this market.

JOHN KYLE & CO.

Wilmington, N. C., March 19, 1847—3-y

*VALUABLE REAL ESTATE*

## FOR SALE, In the town of Wilmington.

THE SUBSCRIBER being desirous to close his business in Wilmington, offers for sale, the House and Lot on Walnut Street, continued, now occupied by Mr. Jos. M. TILLEY. The lot is 66 feet by 330 feet, corner lot, having on it a new one and a half story house, containing 6 rooms, with all necessary out houses.

*ALSO,*

A House and Lot, situated on Red Cross Street, now occupied by the undersigned. The lot is 80 feet by 200 feet, the house contains 8 rooms, is nearly new, and is filled in with brick; there are all necessary out-houses on the lot Also, an enclosed lot adjoining and fronting Red Cross Street, 66 feet by 200 fect.

*ALSO,*

Two enclosed lots on Boundary and Third Streets, 55 feet by 250 feet.

*ALSO,*

One half lot on *Third Street* continued Also, one quarter section of Land in the State of Illinois—said to be of excellent quality.

For further particulars, apply to

WILLIAM WILSON.

August 21, 1846 49-tf

## PATENT MEDICINES.

THE subscriber is agent, and has for sale, the following *PATENT MEDICINES*, to which the attention of the public is especially directed, as he warrants every article genuine.

Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup Wild Cherry,
Wistar's Balsam do.
Dr. Jaynes' Expectorant,
" " Carminative Balsam,
" " Vermifuge,
" " Hair Tonic,
" " Sanative Pills,
Dr. Wood's Sarsaparilla and Wild Cherry Bitters,
Carpenter's Compound Fluid Extract Sarsaparilla,
" Extract Cinchonine, [la, &c.,
" " Buchu,
Sands' Sarsaparilla,
" Tetter Remedy,
Dr. McMunn's Elixir Opium,
Dr. Perry's Dead Shot Vermifuge,
Moffat's Life Pills and Phœnix Bitters,
Dr. Smith's Whooping Cough Syrup,
Upham's Pile Electuary,
Henry's Magnesia, Leidy's Blood Pills,
Murray's fluid do. Gray's Ointment,
Lee's, Peter's, Beckwith's, Brandreth's, & Spencer's Pills,
Dr. Thompson's Eye Water,
Cheesman's Arabian Balsam,
Taylor's Balsam Liverwort,
Swaim's and Indian Panaces,
Rowand's Improved Tonic Mixture,
Scarpa's Acoustic Oil, a certain cure for deafness,
Allen's Vegetable Compound for Dyspepsia,
Harlem Oil, Pain Killer, British Oil, Bateman's Drops, &c. &c. WM. SHAW.

January 15, 1847.

## NOTICE.

CONSIGNEES and owners of Goods, coming by any of the Packets consigned to my address, are hereby notified that they must attend to receiving them on their arrival, and during the time the vessels are discharging, as I will not be responsible for any goods after being landed.

GEORGE W. DAVIS.

October 16, 1846

## Hats, Caps, &c.

WE have just received by late arrivals from New York, a fresh supply of Gentlemen